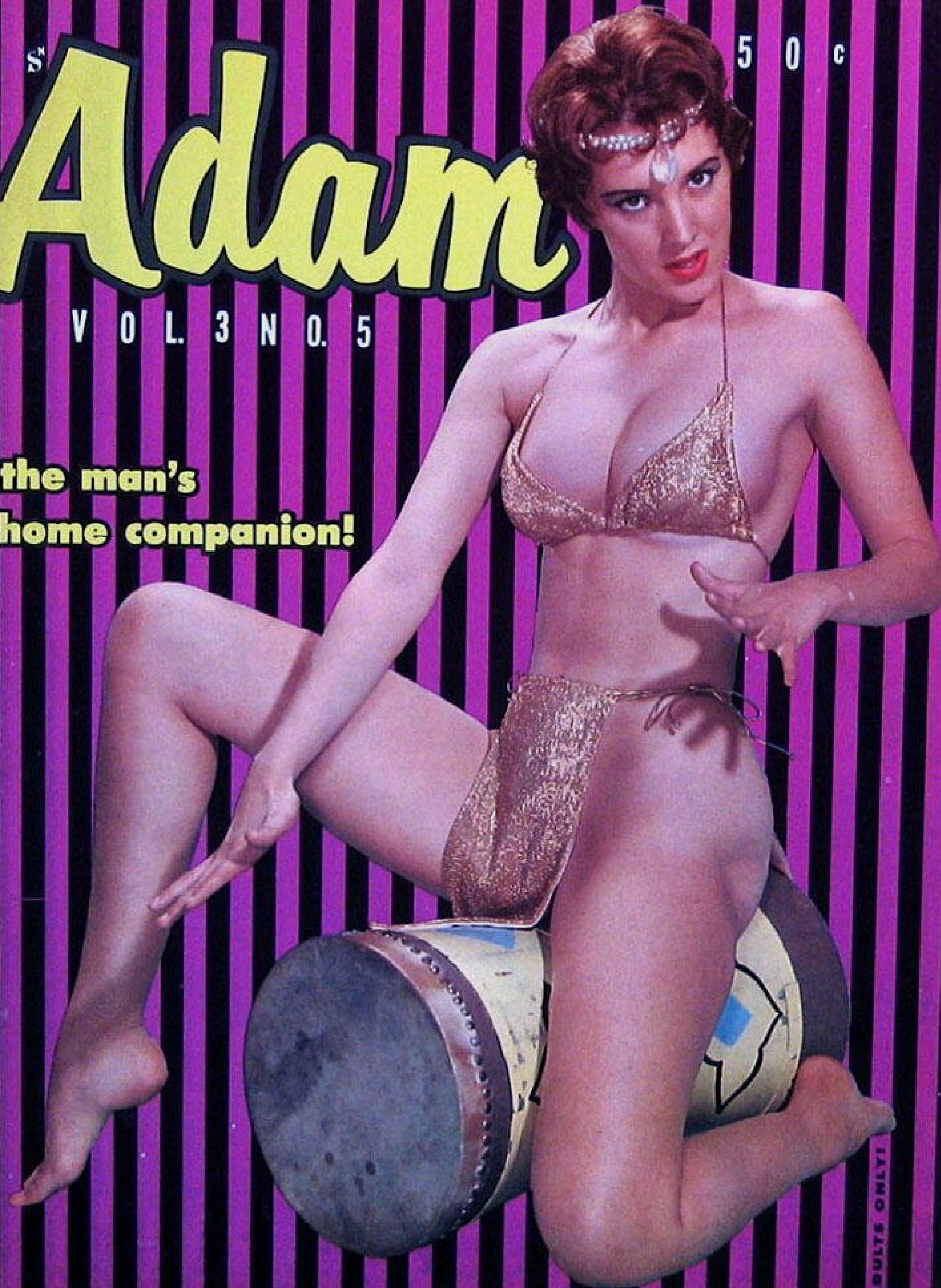


# Adam

VOL. 3 NO. 5

the man's  
home companion!

50c



ADULTS ONLY



The White Ball". . . pictures, but returning home this time, ADAM takes you into his own back yard with the clock set back a hundred years, for a picture view of the Gay 90s, "The Saloon That Glorifies the Nude".

There are a host of old favorites back between our covers—Connie Sellers for the stark; Jay Edmond for the dramatic; and cartoonist Dennis, who hits an all-time pinnacle of the ridiculous with his wondering wanderings on Page 12.

Along with the old there is the new. Laurita Alexander (Page 18) for the exotic; fabulously-figured Dixie Hardakre (Page 50) for the unexpected; and Jim Norbert and Bill Preston (Page 36) for the adventurous.

We've something old, something new—sorry... nothing borrowed and nothing blue—it's strictly entertainment!

Nude beauties at Paris' White Ball night club present erotic historic tableaux — see Page 28.

# Adam

## MONTHLY

VOL. 3 NO. 5



LOTHAR ASHLEY ..... Editor-in-Chief  
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Airline stewardess Dixie Hardakre is ADAM's beautiful cover girl and "Cover Girl Uncovered" — see Page 50.





She had come to Paris to save her niece,  
but found temptation overwhelming and exhilarating

# Aunt Hypatia

HE HAD KNOCKED three times and was about to turn away when a muffled voice shouted at her to come in.

She turned the knob and entered a large high-ceilinged room. One whole wall and part of the ceiling were glass through which streamed the Paris sun in a steady torrent of light. At the other end of the room was a balcony off which she could see three doorways. Lying on the balcony soaking in the sunshine was a young man dressed in jeans and sandals.

"That you, Randy?" he asked without looking up.

"No, it's not Randy," Hypatia Kenyon said.

"Then who in the hell is it? Can't you see that I'm working."

"I can see that you are doing nothing. My name is Hypatia Kenyon."

The young man rolled over and looked down at her. He studied her wide mouth, her thin face and large gray eyes. He stared unbelievably at the plain blue dress, obviously picked to suppress any suggestion of a figure and then his eyes traveled down and came to rest on her low heeled brown shoes. His eyes widened in something between amusement and horror.

"Are you Dale Bushman," she said sharply.

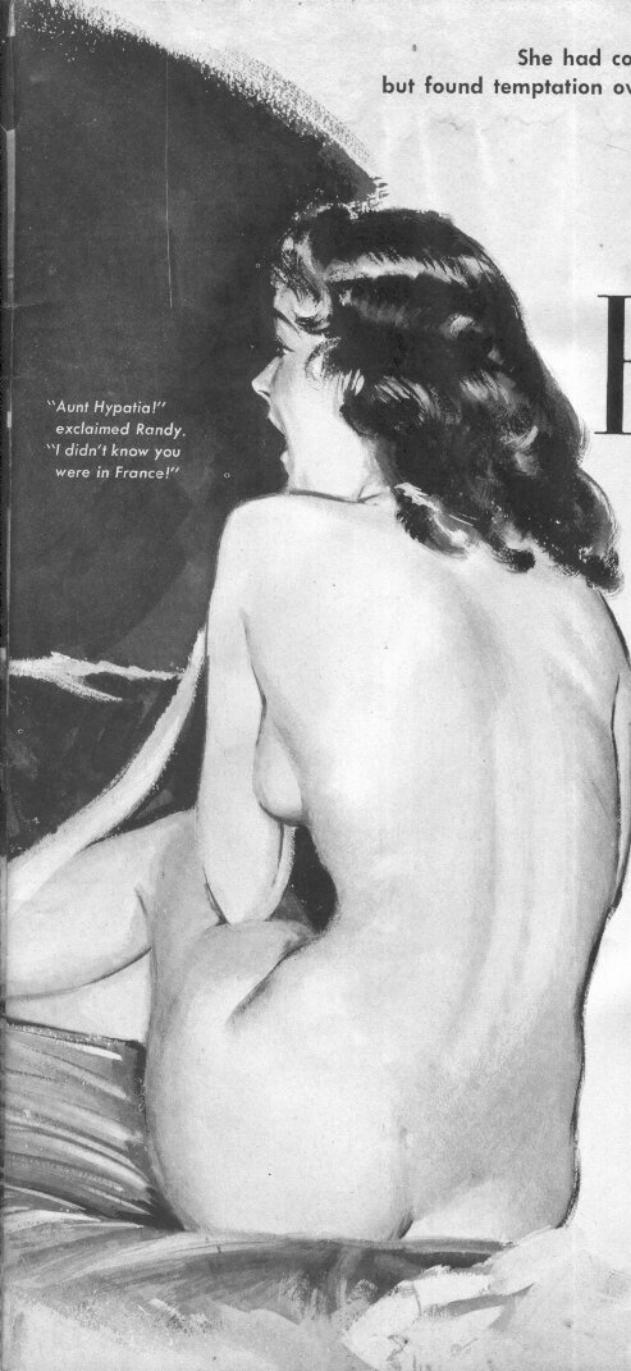
He swung down from the balcony and stood facing her. His lean hard-muscled body was suntanned and covered with a golden drift of hair.

"Yes, I'm Bushman. Who are you?"

"I'm Randy's aunt," she said impatiently. "Where is she?"

—turn to page 46

by GEORGE H. SMITH



She had come to Paris to save her niece,  
but found temptation overwhelming and exhilarating

# Aunt Hypatia

"Aunt Hypatia!"  
exclaimed Randy.  
"I didn't know you  
were in France!"

She had knocked three times and was about to turn away when a muffled voice shouted at her to come in.

She turned the knob and entered a large high-ceilinged room. One whole wall and part of the ceiling were glass through which streamed the Paris sun in a steady torrent of light. At the other end of the room was a balcony off which she could see three doorways. Lying on the balcony soaking in the sunshine was a young man dressed in jeans and sandals.

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—turn to page 46





The famous rape scene from "The Naked Night".

**M**AYBE YOU'VE SEEN some of the foreign films from which the pictures accompanying this article were taken—but it's a sure bet you haven't seen these sizzling sex scenes in the foreign films shown in this country. The reason is that the American public is not considered mature enough to witness a passionate love scene, a milky thigh, an exposed breast, a dimpled derriere or—perish the thought—such a "fewd" and "obscene" thing as a naked woman!

Just what would happen if the American public were allowed to see such spectacles has never been a subject for conjecture, as far as this writer knows, but the puritanical powers responsible for film censorship certainly must envisage something pretty awful—although we don't think anything more serious than a rise in the birth rate would result.

That Americans should be subjected to film censorship is ironic to say the least. The U. S. has a well-deserved reputation for being the most advanced country in the world in terms of living standards and technology, but in matters concerning sexual morality we seem to be the most backward.

Our callow and infantile attitude toward sex has resulted in a growing wave of blue-nosed censorship that has ranged from the ridiculous to the inane. All foreign films are censored before they are distributed to theaters throughout the U. S. Every import must first pass U. S. Customs where any footage considered objectionable is cut out. The footage is carefully measured and recorded so that it cannot later be reinstated surreptitiously. Frequently, a foreign film will be banned from being shown in the U. S. Even when foreign films do get past the sharp scissors of the customs office, they are vulnerable to arbitrary censorship from civic and religious groups and other self-appointed guardians of public morals.

It is almost unbelievable that freedom-loving Americans living in a democracy put up with such a flagrant violation of their constitutional rights. Boards of censorship, no matter how high of purpose, are a standing threat to a very precious liberty. There is nothing quite so offensive to freedom as the small group given a loose sanction to decide what all the people may hear or read or look at. What moral good it may accomplish in the opinion of the general public is likely to be cancelled out by its absurdities and downright unconstitutional suppressions.

While there is no question but what foreign films are often more

# The Most Sizzling Sex Scenes Ever Filmed

by FRANKLIN L. THISTLE



"Illicit Interlude" tells the story of summer love.

Most of them are butchered from the movies before American audiences are permitted to see them

daring and candid in their approach to the subject of sex than the domestic product, the consensus among the country's film reviewers is that none of them are indecent or obscene enough to corrupt adult morals. The editors of *ADAM* are of the same opinion and feel their adult readers are mature enough to see and read about the sex scenes which have been deleted from the foreign films shown in this country. So let's take a look at some of the most sizzling sex scenes ever filmed that you have missed seeing.

Hildegard Neff, the seductive-looking German actress, began her climb to film fame after she drew favorable notice in a film called "The Sinners"—which became famous chiefly for some 16 feet of celluloid that wound up on the cutting room floor when U. S. Customs got hold of it. The film portrayed a torrid love affair with Hildegard exhibiting the same kind of showmanship that once skyrocketed Hedy Lamarr to fame in her notorious "Ecstasy." Like Hedy before her, Hildegard was shown in a brief sequence wearing nothing but her birthday suit. By the time the movie reached America, the daring scene had been cut out of the film so that U. S. audiences never got a chance to see Hildegard in the nude.

Miss Neff also won renown for her role in the sexy drama "Die Sunderlin." She did, in fact, reveal all the bare facts, both front and back, in the role she played of a prostitute who does nude modeling for a blind artist. Unlike Hedy Lamarr—who wishes the public would hurry up and forget her role in "Ecstasy"—Miss Neff has always taken a liberal view of her work in "Die Sunderlin" and has never attempted to conceal her association with the picture.

Americans have gotten a pretty good look at lovely May Britt in American films such as "The Young Lions," but naturally May's scenes weren't nearly so sizzling as they were in the now famous Swedish film "Illicit Interlude." Miss Britt, a sensitive and talented actress who also happens to have a beautiful chest development and equally perfect hips and limbs, played the role of a ballerina in "Illicit Interlude" who enjoys the delectable fruits of a summer romance in the country. A memorable scene in the picture shows the sensu-

ous sexpot bathing alone in a stream. Not only does the camera show a close-up of her in the water, but also focuses on her when she is no longer in the water. In this latter close-up, she is photographed very directly from the front—an extremely sexy shot that artfully reveals everything, including a cute little mole on her tummy.

Americans have also seen a lot lately of Sophia Loren, Italy's bosom queen, but they will never see so much of her in American films as she showed in Italian films during the early part of her career. Before she won world renown, she appeared in many pictures that featured her stripped down to the waist, exposing her most outstanding assets.

Likewise, Gina Lollobrigida, today a staid and prudish lass, reluctant even to bare her ankles, began her career by appearing in costumes with little left to show. One of her more famous scenes occurred in "Beauties in the Night" when she divested herself of an abbreviated bikini and plunged bare into the water.

Probably the best-known European Queen of Nudity is ravishing Martine Carol, a blonde Parisian lass with big innocent eyes. In her first major film, "Caroline Cherie," Martine enacted the title role of Caroline, a teen-ager of aristocratic origin during the period of the French Revolution. In the very first sequence, where the still-virgin Caroline is celebrating her sixteenth birthday, she entices an older man into an attic and seduces him, beginning by brazenly disrobing and placing his hand on one of her bare breasts.

Later, Caroline is imprisoned and bribes her way out by exposing her breasts to the warden, who spirits her to his private quarters and takes advantage of the situation. Still later, to avoid the guillotine, she feigns insanity and is confined in a lunatic asylum. Here once again, she does her bust-tease, seducing the head doctor and making her escape. In still another scene, Caroline, disguised as a boy, is unmasked when a soldier trips her blouse open with his sword, once more exposing her by-now-familiar and shapely breasts.

Martine has appeared naked as a jaybird in practically all of her pictures. Her nudity is always worked into the script with considerable logic, her roles requir-

—turn the page



Hedy Lamarr in oft-censored "Ecstasy".



Nude embrace in "Illicit Interlude".



Sophia Loren in "Era Lui"





"Ship of Lost Women" couldn't pass censors.

ing her to undress and take an untold number of baths and showers. In the film "Une Caprice de Caroline," she drove her audiences wild for several minutes as she stood around in the nude with a towel daintily draped over her points of greatest interest. Eventually, of course, Martine casually lowered the towel and gave the spectators a long and welcome look at her modest-sized but well-rounded bosom.

Recently, Martine startled her fans and movie bosses with the announcement that she absolutely hated appearing in the nude in her pictures. "I am really terribly bourgeois and prudish," she told reporters with a straight face. "I assure you I suffer indignities during the shooting of scenes where I am nude or nearly so. I will not be happy until I am given roles in which I wear more clothing."

Swedish moral standards were reflected in the picture "One Summer of Happiness," which won first prize at the film festival in Cannes several years ago. A delicate, sensitive film, it concerns a country girl who falls in love with a college student vacationing in her town. In one scene, Folke Sundquist and the luscious Ulla Jacobsson swim together naked, and then make passionate love on



the beach. The Swedes, being mature and sensible people, figured that since the girl did not have any clothes on when she was swimming it would be highly unlikely that she would dress for the love-making. Consequently, bold cameras, without a trace of bashfulness of coyness, swing in to take shots of the couple, giving audiences (except in the U. S.) a chance for a close-up look at the nude girl's breasts.

Another Swedish film with a frank approach to love-making was "Miss Julie" in which the voluptuous breasts of Anita Bjork are fondled with gusto and without any coyness on the screen.

Some of the most sizzling sex scenes ever filmed can be credited to French siren Brigitte Bardot due to her uninhibited performance in "And God Created Woman." The film begins by showing Brigitte basking in the sun, bottoms up and completely naked. As one reviewer put it: "In the hard sun of the Riviera her round little rear glows like a peach, and the camera lingers on the subject as if waiting for it to ripen." Later on in the film, after Brigitte marries, she throws herself at her husband and passionately consummates the marriage in one of the most torrid scenes ever seen on the screen.

And there are plenty of other sexy scenes. Several times Brigitte is shown wearing only the bottom half of a bikini. Another time she's lying in bed nude with just a sheet over her when her husband comes into the room. She holds the sheet up in such a way that her husband can see inside but the audience cannot. When her husband approaches she spreads the sheet out invitingly and wraps them both up in it.

With such racy goings-on as these, it is no wonder that "And God Created Woman" has been the most successful import in the U. S. and has also smashed box office records all over the world. Ed Kingsley, the man who is distributing the film in the U. S., says the picture has grossed \$3,000,000 and he expects it to hit \$4,000,000. Kingsley credits the big success of the film to just one thing.

"The picture, for a change, delivered what was promised in the ads," he says.

The Legion of Decency called "And God Created Woman" obscene and condemned it. Their action caused Richard Brandt, a New York exhibitor and distributor, to declare that 90 percent of the theaters were afraid to touch pictures with sex themes, for fear of pressure groups.

"It is an unfortunate and carefully nurtured impression that anything with sex in it automatically must be 'obscene,'" Brandt declared. "I am as moral as the next fellow and I wouldn't play an obscene film in my theaters. But the term 'obscene' means different things to different people, and what may appear that way to the Legion of Decency could actually constitute pleasant and completely harmless adult entertainment for a lot of people."

"And God Created Woman" caused a furore in many cities. In Memphis, Tenn., for example, the censorship board of four women sat through every minute of the film before denouncing it as being "obscene." In Dallas, Texas, the local clergy fought to have the film banned. In Los Angeles, the theater showing the picture had to go to court twice in order to get injunctions to restrain the police from interfering with its exhibition.

In Philadelphia, police confiscated prints of the film.

At the University of Kentucky, the morality of the film was studied in a roundtable discussion by college faculty members and clergymen. One professor, head of the department of geography, said the advertising of the film type it in the degenerate class and defended the need for censorship laws. The picture was unofficially banned in Lexington, home of the university.

Despite the fact that all foreign films are censored when they arrive in this country, local police often set themselves up as censors and attempt to ban films on the grounds of obscenity. For example, during the first showing of the French film "Fire Under Her Skin" at the Vagabond Theater in Los Angeles, two members of the police vice squad confiscated the film, ordered the theater emptied and closed, and arrested the theater manager, booking him on a misdemeanor charge of exhibiting a lewd film. Within a few days, the theater's attorney obtained a temporary injunction and showings of the picture were resumed.

When the case was aired in court several months later, the prosecution testified that they had taken action following a citizen's complaint to the City Attorney's office under the city ordinance which states: "No person shall show or exhibit, display, rent, sell, loan or give to any person any motion picture which illustrates or depicts any obscene, immoral, indecent, lewd, or lascivious act or acts."

Among the witnesses who testified for the defense were four professional newspaper film reviewers. Every one of them stated they did not consider the film obscene, although the prosecution tried to prove that their opinions weren't valid. One film reviewer claimed the spiciest thing about "Fire Under Her Skin" was its title.

The prosecution specifically objected to scenes which showed actress Giselle Pascal running au naturel into the sea and a couple of frank love scenes. These scenes were actually so tame, however, that they could hardly be called obscene by any stretch of the imagination. But the prosecution tried to prove they were obscene because of nudity. It was such a ridiculous charge that the judge halted the trial and found the defendant not guilty—even though the defense still had a number of witnesses to call.

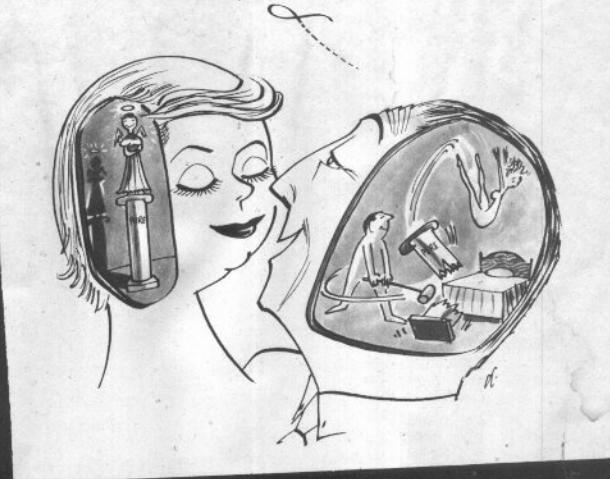
This was by no means the first time there had been a controversy over film censorship in Los Angeles. Prior to the ruckus over "Fire Under Her Skin," the Swedish film "Monika" had been branded as obscene by the law. But a local court's conviction was later thrown out by the State Supreme Court. In another case, the operators of the Coronet Theater were arrested for showing four short subjects which were allegedly indecent, although one had won prizes at international film festivals and another had been adopted for use by UNESCO. The films were "The Voices," "Plague Summer," "Closed Vision" and "Fireworks."

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Lucky Farnandel in "Forbidden Fruit".



*You're too good for me, Sally...*



ADAM probes  
the inner minds of  
combatants engaged  
in the most  
ancient game of  
love

# I wonder what goes on in their pretty

*Please! My husband will be home  
any minute now...*



I don't care how many drinks you pour into me, Harold—I'll NEVER do anything like THAT!



I can tell you don't know me very well—I have immense moral strength...



# little heads?

by DENNIS

Okay, you can come in for a nightcap if you promise to leave right after without a fight...



Aw-w—why not, honey?



# the Fabulous Prophet



WITH NORTH AFRICA in ferment from the Atlantic Ocean to the Red Sea, and with loosely termed Arab Nationalism on the march from Aleppo to the Gulf of Oman, the long-dormant, long-backward world of Islam has reasserted itself as a vital factor in the politics of the Atomic Age. Once again, the black banners of Mahomet, with their crescent-and-star emblems, are floating over large segments of our geography. Backed by modern technology, by the wealth of bottomless fountains of petroleum, by ambitious leaders and by anti-Westernism fostered by the Soviets, the half-billion followers of Allah and his Prophet are astir for the first time in three centuries, when Turkish power reached its apex under the walls of Vienna.

To most Americans, Mohammedism is a quaint and vaguely indecent non-Christian religion, its founder a dim figure who went in for prohibition and polygamy and whose followers caused much remote trouble to Christianity during and after the Middle Ages.

Actually, the Mahomet story is one of the most colorful, fascinating and bloody in the entire human record. Believers in his doctrine have, at one time or another, ruled most of the civilized and much of the barbaric globe, from the Pyrenees to the Southern Philippines. They were the cause of the fantastic Crusades and the downfall of Constantinople. The so-called assassins, who terrorized and blackmailed the Middle East for centuries were devout members of a Mohammedan sect.

—turn the page

Mahomet liked three things most  
—women, scent and eating,  
but mostly women

by K. ROBERT HOWARD

# *the Fabulous Prophet*

WITH NORTH AFRICA in ferment from the Atlantic Ocean to the Red Sea, and with loosely termed Arab Nationalism on the march from Aleppo to the Gulf of Oman, the long-dormant, long-backward world of Islam has reasserted itself as a vital factor in the politics of the Atomic Age. Once again, the black banners of Mahomet, with their crescent-and-star emblems, are floating over large segments of our geography. Backed by modern technology, by the wealth of bottomless fountains of petroleum, by ambitious leaders and by anti-Westernism fostered by the Soviets, the half-billion followers of Allah and his Prophet are astir for the first time in three centuries, when Turkish power reached its apex under the walls of Vienna.

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—turn the page

**Mahomet liked three things most**  
—women, scent and eating,  
but mostly women







Until a counter-reformation caused Islam to forswear art and science, they produced the most gifted poets and architects, the ablest mathematicians and scientists, the world may ever have known.

Surprise, in many ways, seems the very essence of Islam and none is more surprising than the Prophet himself. Nor was there ever a more unlikely founder of an historic and enduring religion.

Mahomet was born in Mecca, half-way up the eastern shore of the Red Sea but many dry miles inland, in the year 570 A.D.

Like many other prophets and conquerors, he was given to occasional epileptic fits and spent much of his childhood as a goatherd, farmed out to Bedouin tribesmen in the surrounding desert. His education would appear to have been fragmentary, to put it mildly, although an uncle of the penniless, parentless boy seems to have seen to it that he received some schooling and once took him along on a caravan trip to Damascus, far to the north.

Mahomet was born in what had been a key city on one of the world's great trade and caravan routes, between Egypt and the garden kingdoms of southern Arabia, and the Middle East. But the political fragmentation incident upon the fall of the Roman Empire had made the route unsafe and economically unprofitable, and the development of sea and ocean travel between India and Egypt had pretty well wiped out what trade remained. Add the factor that most of that part of the world was rapidly becoming desert, and you have a city very much on the downgrade.

What remained in Mecca were remnants of the caravan route, a well called the Zem-Zem to nourish the traders and their camels, and a meteoric stone called the Ka'aba which had been built into a corner of a rectangular temple wall, guarded by pagan idols and which had become something of a tourist attraction.

The Meccans were as dedicated to family feuds as any of the tribes of Sicily or the Kentucky mountains. Two clans, the Koreish (to which Mahomet

belonged by birth) and the Khozaa, made up the entire population of the once-thriving caravan stop. At the time of the Prophet's birth, they co-existed in uneasy balance, under a partial truce whose purpose was to prevent clan warfare from destroying the remnants of the shrine-tourist trade on which the city largely depended.

When Mahomet was twenty, this truce was burst asunder in a peculiar way. One of the Koreish Clan owed money to a banker who grew so tired of not collecting payment that he took a monkey to the market place and loudly announced, "For another ape like this one, I shall gladly surrender my claim."

This was followed by the naming of the Koreish debtor, along with a picturesque description of his person, his habits, his morals and those of his ancestors back to Adam himself. This, of course, was an unbearable insult to the debtor's fellow-clansmen, one of whom drew a sword and beheaded the ape. Thus began what Moslem chroniclers termed the Sacrilegious War, in which the young Mahomet himself took part, but without much joy, for he was not cut out to be a warrior.

In fact, just what he was cut out to be proved a problem to his relatives. He was a round little man, given to long, silent spells of introversion interrupted by periods of merriment and good-fellowship. When he laughed, his eyes disappeared in his head and his tonsils and teeth became visible. He dyed his beard red or yellow in accordance with his mood of the moment; used eye-makeup and was fond of loud talk and even louder clothes. When he walked, he looked as if he were descending an invisible hill.

He seems to have subsisted on odd chores and camel driving trips until the age of 25, when he so impressed a wealthy employer with his camel-driving abilities that he got a full-time job. This wealthy employer was Khadija, a 40-year-old double-widow of considerable means, who employed the young eccentric as her husband, and who thus became inextricably enmeshed in the lore of Islam. From that time on, his

daily bread assured, the Prophet-to-be seems to have spent his time dreaming and scheming. The sole object of these early dreams and schemes was to increase the wealth he had married by restoring Mecca as a place of pilgrimage and profit (the local tourism having suffered through the Sacrilegious War).

He got his break in an odd way. The Ka'aba temple so suffered from a flash flood that the citizens decided to rebuild it. But to do so, they would have to move the sacred stone itself, although it was protected by interlocking and ancient tabus against any such molestation. However, the tabus were broken, and nobody dropped dead. The temple was rebuilt without human harm.

Then came the problem of where to place the stone in the rebuilt edifice. After much bickering, the citizens on the job decided to let the first man to appear in the temple square make the decision for them. The man was Mahomet, and he worked out a decision that kept the clans from starting another Sacrilegious War over it.

The incident seems to have set off a sort of chain reaction in the fledgling Prophet, just as he was to set off a chain-reaction in his wake that almost overwhelmed the then-civilized world. Consulting only his plump, middle-aged Khadija, Mahomet began to seek restoration of Mecca's prosperity through consultation with angels and the like.

In those days, the important religions of Afro-Asia were Coptic Christianity, which still survives in Ethiopia; Eastern Orthodox Catholicism; the Zoroastrianism of Persia, and Judaism. Of neo-Christian and pagan cults, there were many. It was an age of schisms within schisms, of heresy within heresies, when the entire world seemed to be falling to pieces, spiritually as well as physically and politically.

Mahomet early turned to the one-God view of Jew and Christian against the polytheism of other sects at the time. Outside of the meditations, the outbursts of frenzied energies and the occasional fits from which stemmed the truly magnificent poetry of the Koran, the very practical ex-camel driver worked out the basis of a series of parables and prophecies calculated to make Mecca, the Zem-Zem and the Ka'aba holier in Judeo-Christian eyes than they had ever been to their pagan guardians.

Mecca, he insisted, was founded by Abraham himself, and Sarah and Ishmael had drunk of waters from the Holy Well. As for the Christians, they, too, were expecting a new Prophet, called in John (xvi. 7) the Paraclete, which could, by strained translation from the Greek be made into the Arabic Ahmed, or "praised one", since Ahmed was another version of his

own name, Mahomet.

In short, he became his own prophet, the Messiah of his own faith. He began to talk with the Angel Gabriel in his trances, and finally, aged 44, offered Meccans, instead of their constant feuding, a regime of human brotherhood under his own leadership. What was more, he began to get a following. He had the support of his clan until some of his decrees proved so radical that even the Koreish elders turned against him.

They followed him around when he tried to soapbox his new faith, jeering at him and crying, "Believe him not, for he is a lying renegade." An indignant uncle even dropped a bucketful of goat's guts down his chimney while there was cooking going on in the fireplace beneath. The indignant prophet lugged the stinking mess outside on a pointed stick and cried, "What sort of refined neighborhood is this?"

Finally, the famed Hegira was undertaken, after certain leading men in the nearby and more prosperous city of Medina proved receptive to the Islamites. The faithful sneaked out by night, leaving empty houses behind them, until only Mahomet Abu Bekr, a squint-eyed business associate of Khadija who had become a convert, remained in Mecca. They did not leave until reliably informed that furious fellow-Koreish clansmen plotted their murder. Then they fled by night, hid out in a nearby cave while would-be assassins sought them on the Medina road and reached the latter city in triumph five days later. The date of the Hejira was June 20, 622 A. D., the official beginning of the Mohammedan era, and the Prophet was then 53 years old.

There, since a number of would-be hosts wanted to house him and a whole new series of feuds seemed on the verge of developing from inevitable slights, the Prophet decided to let his camel, named Al-Kaswa, make choice of dwelling. This remarkable beast had the tact to select an abandoned suburban villa, and there Mahomet settled down to assemble his harem, beginning with Aisha, the 12-year-old daughter of his friend and colleague, Abu Bekr. According to Aisha, who was with Mahomet until his death ten years later, Mahomet "liked three things most — women, scent and eating, but mostly women."

He was to get plenty of all three from then on, in fact more than was good for his health. He became immensely fat and continued to develop his writings through consultation with such divine sources as he could summon. Meanwhile, his followers were fighting battles in his behalf. They

adopted the famous Black Banner after a victory on the Syrian road (actually, the flag they fought under was nothing more than little Aisha's chemise). Mahomet continued to eat and sniff perfumes and assemble the most delectable women his growing army could provide. One of them, Zeinab, so failed to understand the import of her destiny that she poisoned the Prophet's soup, killing a guest and causing Mahomet a digestive problem that is said to have led ultimately to his death.

Mecca was reconquered by acclamation, just a year before his end. The Prophet stood before the sacred Ka'aba and cried, "Truth is Come!" Then a gigantic axe-man destroyed the ancient heathen idols in front of an awestruck populace. According to legend, the idols screamed and sobbed under the blows of the mighty axe.

Out of such a story and such a man came Islam, the faith that was to engulf so much of the world for so many centuries. Within three years of Mahomet's death, swirling, scimitar-wielding hordes under the Black Banner, nicknamed the "Eagle", had stormed and sacked Damascus, far to the north. A twelvemonth later, they had driven the Emperor of Byzantium out of Syria and, less than ten years from the Prophet's demise, both Persia and Egypt were bowing toward Mecca. In

732, exactly a century later, the Moslem horde, sweeping up through the Pyrenees from Spain, to be barely checked by the cavalry of Charles Martel at Tour, in the very heart of France.

Despite the fits and "inspired" preachings of the Koran, the faith of Mahomet is solidly and shrewdly based in human needs, hopes and fears. Essentially, it is simple and strict without being puritanical. If it forbids the pleasure of alcohol, it permits the pleasures of the couch, both in the Here and the Beyond. Nor is this apparent subjection of women to harem life either as sensual or as unfair as it usually seems to modern Western eyes and morals.

One of the great curses of Arabic life before Mahomet stemmed directly from the fact that the land had grown so poor it could not support its population. For centuries, the desert people had accustomed themselves to destroying surplus female infants. As potential breeders, they were a menace to all — therefore, they had to be dealt with and destroyed even as other menaces to the general welfare.

Mahomet, who loved women of all ages, forbade such slaughter to his followers on peril of hell — and the hell he created was a hell whose horrors and torments have seldom if ever been matched, even by Dante and Calvinist

—turn to page 32



"Goodness, I seem to be going a lot further on one drink these days!"



# have talents will travel

**ADAM turns the spotlight  
on Laurita Alexander—  
a girl with beauty,  
talent and burning ambition—  
and no place to go**

**L**AURITA ALEXANDER is a lot of girl with a lot of talents. She stands a stunning five feet eight inches in her nylons and boasts even more stunning dimensions of 38-26-38. She can sing, dance, act or paint your portrait beautifully in either water-colors or oils. Aged 24, and with considerable saloon and little-theater experience under her 20-inch belt, she is one of the most brilliant and beautiful girls *ADAM* or anyone else ever laid an eye on.

However, Laurita has a problem — a big one. With all of her accomplishments, all of her beauty, all of her ambition to be a big-time entertainer, she has literally no place to go. Quietly, and with sagacity remarkable in a girl of her two-dozen years, Laurita discussed her difficulties in the comfortable living room of her father's house in a pleasant residential section of Los Angeles.

"There is, of course, no barrier against colored people in the entertainment world," she admitted thoughtfully. "The trouble seems to be there just aren't enough jobs to go around.



by ROGER TURRELL

I am thinking seriously of getting out of here and trying New York, or even Paris, to win the sort of recognition that will enable me to have a real career here at home. People never seem to notice you when you're right under foot."

What exact sort of career does Laurita envision for herself? "Well, I'm a big girl," she says with a flashing smile. "Everything I do must be on a big scale — you know, bravura. I want to sing and act, perhaps be a dramatic singer."

Another Harry Belafonte, female version? "Not exactly, though I think Harry's great. Say another Frank Sinatra, female version, and you've got it. That's for me!"

Clad in a strapless sweater, sandals and a pair of skin-tight white pedal-pushers, Laurita rose and strode about her father's living-room, pulled out a fine portrait in oils of sister sepia-singer Dorothy Dandridge. "There's a beautiful woman," she said, tapping the painting. "I saw this picture of her on a magazine cover, and I had to make this painting of it."

She put away the painting and crossed to a five-foot-long model of a freighter atop the brick mantelpiece. "My brother Nelson made it," she said proudly. "He's in Chicago now, doing cafe work. He plays a mess of piano and sings like an angel. Maybe someday" — this with a faraway but determined gleam in her large and very dark eyes — "he and I will get up an act and work together."

Talent seems to run strongly in the six children of a Los Angeles bank custodian, among whom Laurita is the youngest of two girls, with her four brothers evenly divided agewise. "We all go for music in different ways," she reveals, "especially this one brother who can't be in the house two minutes without tuning in hillbilly music on TV. I can't stand the noise, and we have terrible fights. Luckily, he's married and lives in Pasadena."

Back to Laurita. Has she ever competed in any beauty contests? "Yes, I was Miss Sunkist of 1953," she confesses, adding, "Whatever that means. I was in another, but I didn't win — everybody told me I should have and





that it was politics — you know the sort of thing I mean." This with a hearty laugh. "Since then, when I model, I do it for money, not glory."

What about hobbies? "I like to ride whenever I get the chance. And I do a lot of swimming. But mainly it's the painting that keeps me busy." It also kept Laurita from getting a degree from Los Angeles State College, since she was so wrapped up in her art that she couldn't see her way to getting the math and science credits needed for her A.B. However, Laurita has no regrets on that score. "Not even an L.L.D. will get me a job in show business," she states firmly.

What has she done? "I've been in there pitching for five long years," she says. "I've done a lot of Little Theater work. I was in an all-Colored version of 'The Seven Year Itch', and I scored

some sort of a hit in a revue called 'Panorama'. In that one, I did a dance." This with a sudden arisal from the sofa and a sinuous, exciting, ultravivid roll of those beautiful hips.

"I sang with a couple of bands — Eddie Davis and Leroy White." She calls it *Lee-roy* rather than *Luh-roy*. "And I've worked solo at maybe a dozen West Coast cabarets between here and Seattle. So far, no movie or TV bids, though. That's why I think I'm going to have to travel. When they're too close to you, they can't see you at all."

What has been her peak experience thus far? "Man, that was in Mexico City — that was a real Cloud Nine deal. *That was a romance!*" With a smile of sheer animal delight at the memories thus evoked. Then, more seriously. "I'm perfectly aware that sex is here to stay, and that life isn't living without it. Ultimately, of course, I want what every woman wants — a husband, children, a home. But first" — this with a determined thrust of her beautiful chin — "there's this career of mine to get on the road. I'm still singing the universal chorus of show business — 'get me a good agent who can get me good jobs!'"

Perhaps as a result of her big moment in Mexico City, Laurita is very much on a Spanish kick. "I like everything Spanish," she says warmly. "Their music, their painting, their dancing, their food — everything! I'm really crazy about Latin dances. I even do them as part of my act."

It was a result of this Latin kick that brought Laurita her most distressing on-stage predicament to date. Says she, "I was working a place called Paulo's Steak House in Tucson, Arizona. There is a glass partition separating the dining room proper from the cabaret bar. I was wearing a skin-tight white-sequin strapless gown, one of those special dresses you can't even sit down in, with a fishtail flare at the bottom. The number I was doing was 'That Old Black Magic', and I was on the stand facing the bar, with my back to the partition; singing and beating a pair of tambour drums and doing a few hip-rolls.

"I guess I got carried away a little, because the next thing I knew, this waitress was trying to hold a tablecloth behind me against the other side of the glass partition. It seems I had split my dress right up the back and hadn't felt it tear. The people in the dining part of the place got a little extra with their sirloin steaks that night. I finished the number well ahead of schedule and got out of there to make repairs. It's a good thing I can sew, because that sort of dress is very, very expensive."

Laurita doesn't smoke, likes Italian and Chinese as well as Spanish-Mexican cookery. "I'm a pretty good cook myself," she admits, "but man! — how I hate housework!" In the matter of drink, she is a social imbibing, "but occasionally, it runs away with me — you know, when the old frustrations pile up."

Laurita is deeply emotional. "I'm neither an extrovert nor an introvert,"



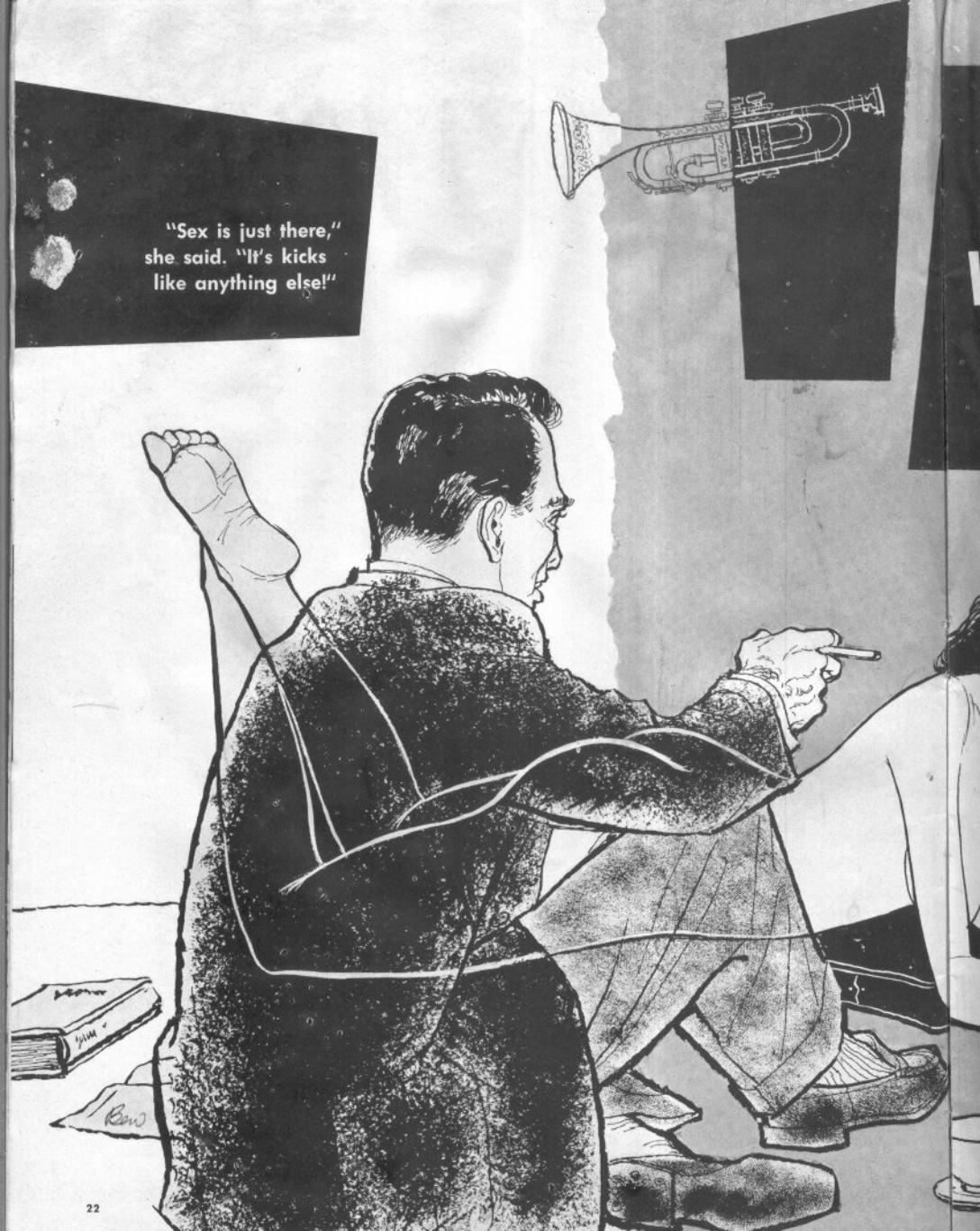
she confesses, "but somewhere in between, like most people." The man she ultimately settles upon, she claims, "must be considerate, sincere and neat — I can't stand sloppy people." Does he also have to be rich? "No," she replies emphatically. Then, with a grin, "Still, security is always nice."

What kind of men does she usually wind up with in fact? "I don't pretend to understand it," she says, looking puzzled, "but for some reason, big, tall me is always winding up with little, short men. Don't ask me why, but they go for me."

Laurita handles her personal life as neatly and deftly as she would have all those around her. But it was not always thus. At the age of seventeen, she managed to get her beaux so inextricably tangled that four of them came calling on her the same evening. "I just sat there in the middle, trying to keep the peace, while they were all giving each other the evil eye. Since then, it's been strictly one at a time for Laurita. That was too much!"

It seems a pity that such a girl, with all that beauty and talent and determination, should be having difficulties in getting her career on the road — or that she should be compelled to travel as far afield as Paris for recognition. But whatever she has to do to win the recognition she feels is her due, Laurita will undertake and carry through. This is a girl who, in her quiet, articulate way, is not going to take no for an answer.





"Sex is just there,"  
she said. "It's kicks  
like anything else!"



IT WAS INCREDIBLE to Johnnie Haynes that he was sitting across the neatly organized desk, staring at the spread of newspaper and hearing Dr. Reinstead say, "Under the circumstances, I think it improbable that you would prefer to remain with us here." Dr. Reinstead's blue-glass eyes rolled back nervously and he toyed in his embarrassment with the pointed tip of his nose. He blinked behind rimless spectacles and seemed to be groping for other words. Finding none, he repeated dismally, "I think it improbable that you would prefer to remain with us here, I'm dreadfully sorry."

Johnnie—until this moment an instructor in psychology—tried his academic best to pick the pieces of reality from the horribly unreal words. It was as though he were detached, watching from the far side of the book-paneled office, as his own sensitive face flushed hotly beneath the crew cut and as he twisted inside the Harris tweed jacket while the future he had so cautiously designed shattered.

Johnnie looked down at the newspaper, at the nearly buried four inches of blurred type that meant the end of everything. He could not bring himself to believe it. He wasn't conscious now of Dr. Reinstead. Instead, he was seeing again the long-legged girl with the dark pony tail, without makeup on her pretty face except for the heavily penciled eyes—and naked except for a pair of tight, white shorts. The girl had looked tired and she had moved her hands lazily up to cover the nipples of her breasts . . .

"It's been nice," she said to the boy in dungarees, sweat shirt and dirty sneakers—the uniform, Man—with whom she had been dancing. "We'll see each other." She meant for him to split the scene. Lose himself.

Other girls in the little apartment had been dancing with boys while Charlie Parker's "Temptation" moaned from the twin console stereo speakers and, like the woman in the white shorts, were nude above the waist. But the boy in the sneakers had forgot himself; had become emotional enough to touch a nipple with his hand. That tore it. He wasn't cool. Johnnie Haynes, sitting on the floor that night, saw the boy shrug and walk away from the girl.

—turn the page

by JAY EDMOND

# who needs you?



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—turn the page

by JAY EDMOND

## WHO, from page 23

Johnnie, who had been leaning back against the wall for an hour listening to the three-dimensional jazz and studying the bizarre paintings that littered the sparsely furnished room or staring out through the sliding glass door at the Venice surf, realized abruptly that the girl was examining him. He had been uneasy enough, in this crowd, dressed in slacks, sport coat and shirt-with-necktie. The girl's looking at him, as though he had just stumbled in wearing a diving suit, sharpened his discomfort. He thought about getting to his feet and leaving; going back where he came from, Santa Monica. But before he got around to doing it, the girl crossed the bare floor and slid down the wall slowly to sit cross-legged next to him. "Hi."

"Hello."

She was sipping from coffee cup and her big, darkly outlined eyes regarded him frankly over the rim of it. "You look like a nice square. How did you happen on the scene?" Her voice had a studied huskiness.

Johnnie was unnerved by the dangerous proximity of the girl's near-nudity. He could not bring himself to look directly at her. He made a project of searching the room. "A fellow named Orell Duke invited me. He's in a class of mine at school. At the university."

"Well, what do you know about that?"

"I don't know what's happened to him," he said lamely. "He was around

a few minutes ago." He fought to keep his eyes from drifting to the girl's brazen breasts.

"Orell Duke?" She was watching his face and he had the feeling that she did not believe him, that she was laughing at him. "Who knows a character by that name?"

The dancing had stopped, because the Charlie Parker record was played out and the stereo speakers were filling the apartment with tinkling temple bells and flutes which some bearded intellect across the room identified reverently as Zen Buddhist music by Shorty Califia and his group. The girls in various stages of undress and the sweat-shirted boys were sprawled on the floor, not touching one another, absorbing the religious overtones of Shorty's Zen. Johnnie said uncertainly, "Well, Orell invited me and I thought this was his party."

"This is anybody's party. But it's my pad. I live here. If Orell led you here, then this is where you should be because life goes along like that. But I never heard of Orell, you know?"

Johnnie Haynes felt with embarrassment at the knot of his tie. "I'm sorry. I thought he was the one who . . ."

"Why be sorry? The world is sorry enough already, you know?" She held the coffee cup out to him, "Drown a few sorry things."

He took the cup, grateful to have something to do with his hands. There was a licorice taste to the liquid. "What is this?"

"You never been with absinthe-be-

fore?" There was amusement in her eyes. "You want me to send out somewhere for root beer?"

He wished she wouldn't laugh at him. "No. This is fine. Thanks." And why did she have to lean so close to him? It was a strain to keep looking around the room, avoiding the white, pink-tipped breasts. He wondered what Jeanie would think, could she see him here. He had been planning to bring her, but there had been a foul-up with the Sunday school pageant costumes and she was spending the evening sewing frantically to get the Three Wise Men ready for the long haul to Bethlehem.

The girl, squatting next to him, said, "Have you got a cigaret?"

"Sure." He brought out a pack of filter tips, a brand which the Readers Digest had testified contained less tar and nicotine than most other popular sellers. He held the pack out to her.

She took one and moved closer to him for his shaking-hand light, then asked, "Hey, you feel like a real blast?"

"Pardon me?" He swallowed some more of the absinthe.

"Like a little mary, you know?"

"Mary?" He was mortified by his own confusion.

"Tea, Marijuana, Mary. I've got a few sticks. You know, for kicks now and then."

"No, No, thanks." The thought terrified him.

"Okay." She shrugged her nude shoulders. She couldn't care less. "I don't blast much myself. Just now and another time for kicks."

"Oh." Why did she find it necessary to stare at him without blinking?

"You were putting out that you go to school?"

"I don't exactly go. I teach."

"If you tell me you teach family relations I'll go away."

"Psychology."

"Wild!" But her face was expressionless.

He was unable to decide whether she was cutting him up.

The boy in the sneakers was leaving with two other young men and a girl who had taken the trouble to hide her upper nakedness with a huge cardigan. None of the departing guests bothered to approach the hostess or even glance in her direction. They just left. Johnnie Haynes said, "The boy friend seems to have gone."

"Crazy."

"You don't care?"

"You saw him try for a hand hold. I put him down as a creep. He spends one night in the rack with me and he thinks we're doing the 'I Love You' bit. Maybe he can find a high school necking party somewhere."



"— After feeding them and romping with them every day you kind of hate to eat them!"

The absinthe was making Johnnie feel a little easier. "May I ask you something?"

The eyes widened at him. She was giving him the Bardot look, teasing him. "I have no secrets from you."

"If you don't want these fellows to ... touch you, why do you ... take off your clothes like this?" He managed a hesitant gesture at her bareness.

Her painless mouth laughed, but the laughter wasn't anywhere else in her. "It's like you're cool or you're not."

"In other words, you're testing each other's restraint. Pardon me; coolness. What about sex? Is that altogether ... forbidden?"

"Sex is just there. It's kicks like anything else. But say I see you and I say, 'Wow, this is it! It's there or it isn't. But even if it swings tonight, maybe it drags tomorrow, so you don't come back around with the adolescent bit, giggling and playing feel, you know?'"

Johnnie looked around the room. Other among the party guests — if indeed, this had been a party in the strictest sense — had left without ceremony. "You mean you just look at somebody and you're in love?" He thought drunkenly of Jeanie with the polished blonde hair and the warm, blue eyes. The Jeanie he was going to marry in three weeks. The Jeanie who wanted nothing more nonconformist than to be a professor's wife with four children (two boys and two girls) and live in Santa Monica within two-year-old Plymouth distance of Will Rogers State Beach and the A&P. He loved Jeanie. It was the kind of love where you carved your initials on a tree with a heart and arrow. A nice, square kind of love.

"Love?" The girl switched her pony tail across the curve of her narrow back as she steamed cigarette smoke from her tiny nostrils. "Love is a word THEY invented to keep the system afloat."

Johnnie had always heard absinthe was an aphrodisiac, but he wasn't certain this was true. He knew only that the creeping dizziness had dispelled his embarrassment at sitting close to this girl who hunched naked — or nearly naked. He had that awareness of detail which came over him during intoxication. A mobile of metallic shapes spun slowly from the open-beam ceiling on invisible wires. The glossy LP record jackets — Modern Jazz Sextet, Chico Hamilton, The Bird — lay on the bare floor around the stereo turntable. The speakers now hummed some deep shade of blue. There were several books along a shelf that had been put together from a plank and some glass bricks. Johnnie squinted at the books: "The Journal of Albion Moonlight" by

Kenneth Patchen, "The Dharma Bums" by Jack Kerouac, "Selected Writings of D. T. Suzuki on Zen Buddhism" (freedom and self-realization of the individual) . . .

Something in the little apartment did not fit. It was several moments before he knew what it was: On the day bed by the sliding glass door there was a big teddy bear with a red ribbon around its neck. It was the kind of teddy bear little girls hug on their way to sleep.

The girl in the shorts had her eyes closed and was listening to the blues without showing she heard the beat. That wouldn't have been cool, man. She said, "I'll bet you're square enough to be married."

"Not yet. But in three weeks."

She opened her eyes. The cigarette was burning down to her fingers. "I can tell you what she's like."

He shook his head. "No, thanks." He didn't want Jeanie caricatured here, by this woman who could probably be all too accurate.

"Marriage is a piece of paper," said the girl.

Somehow, the little apartment was deserted — except for the two of them. Johnnie Haynes said, "Everyone seems to have gone."

"Crazy."

"I'll be on my way." But he made no move to go, feeling the warmth of the absinthe inside him, looking down at the firm, young breasts, at the long, white thighs, at the navel just above the waistband of her shorts. After all, he was still a single man and there was only three weeks before he would be settled down with Jeanie for the rest of his life.

The girl said, "You want to stay in the pad tonight?" As though she didn't give a damn whether he did or not.

Excitement flooded him. "Yes."

She shrugged, stubbed the cigarette out in the coffee cup she took from him. "Do you have a name?"

"Johnnie Haynes. What about you?"

"I don't have a name. I haven't found it yet. Look, Johnnie Haynes, you stay here tonight because you're a nice square and maybe it'll be kicks doing it with you. But remember what I said: it's a swinging thing tonight and it drags tomorrow. Don't try to come back around. Tomorrow, I put you down, because there's always a new kick waiting and I'll have had it with you already."

"All right."

Her mouth tried to be bored when he leaned forward to kiss her. But then she was scratching his face. She took his hands, putting one on her right breast and the other inside the top of the waistband against her flat, cool

belly. She bit his mouth and said fiercely against his teeth, "Love me!"

SITTING NOW in Dr. Reinstead's office, Johnnie tried to make out the upside-down printing of the small story at the bottom of the newspaper page, but he couldn't. The older man was saying, "If I may ask, is this the woman who has been leaving the telephone messages for you? The one who wanted you to call her every day?"

"Yes, Sir."

Dr. Reinstead took off his glasses and fidgeted with them. "Then . . . you've been going out to see her?"

"I went out a few times." He wondered whether it would help to explain to the nervous man across the desk — that he had gone back to see her several times because she had demanded him; that he had finally stopped going because he wanted nothing more to do with her and there was no place for her in his life. That he had tried to tell her to stop bothering him . . .

Dr. Reinstead said, "What about your fiance? I mean . . . aren't you supposed to be married Friday?"

"Oh, God . . . Jeanie . . ."

The other man was saying, "You understand. Perhaps, if your name hadn't been in the paper. If she had not addressed the note to you." He cleared his throat with a cough and said, "She seems to have been a very lonely girl. If the Sheriff's people have not shown you the note she left for you . . . well, er . . . it's quoted at some length here. Perhaps you wish to take the newspaper along with you. Well, I mean, you'll probably wish to read it."

"Thank you." Johnnie took the newspaper off the desk. The headline read:

VENICE WOMAN  
KILLS SELF OVER  
COLLEGE PROF

He folded the paper into the pocket of his jacket and walked out of the office into the bright, campus sunlight. He went to a pay phone booth in the Student Union and dialed Jeanie's number, trembling as he waited for an answer.

Jeanie's mother, in a voice that sounded as though she regarded him as some casual stranger calling, told him Jeanie had left suddenly for Topeka, Kansas, to visit relatives for a few months. Then she hung up on him.

Sitting in the tiny phone booth, his stomach knotted with sickness, Johnnie pulled the newspaper out of his pocket and looked at the story.

Malibu deputies had quoted the note left by the dead woman as reading, "I love you . . ."



A mighty rock was he—strong, silent, unmoved by the blandishments of females

# whatever became of the man's man?

ONE OF THE least noticed social changes in the recent American scene is the crashing collapse of that recently upheld idol of alleged masculinity—the man's man. Well within the memory of many of us, this super-scoutmaster, the rugged type who could, supposedly, fell a redwood with a hand-axe, play poker with the boys and lapse into silence at sight of a beautiful babe simply because love, talk was beneath him, was considered something special.

It was implied that his freedom from domestic toils, his devotion to the stalking and shooting of innocent birds and animals, his talent with racquet and gun and bat and pigskin, placed him on a plane far above those more ordinary males who did their hunting in boudoirs and cocktail bars. There was even a certain aura of scorn attached to the man who proved too successful with the fair sex, as if sex were something unmanly.

If a man got along with other men and was admired by same, he was socially respectable. If he was admired by women at any distance closer than the span of a broad dinner table, he was a cad, despised by men and women alike. This state of affairs endured, roughly, from shortly after the founding of the Republic until shortly before World War Two.

So what happened to bring crashing to earth this monolithic male who might treat women with gentle forbearance but never with more than brotherly affection, this man whose nuptials were supposed to be his sole sex outlet—and those approached in spirit of reverence rather than lust, and repeated only as often as children were wanted? Well, there were a couple of things...

The most obvious was the emancipation of women. When they shortened

their hair and skirts, in the Jazz Age, and lengthened their drinks and cigarettes, it began to be necessary for the traditional man's man to go a hell of a long way into the woods to get away from them. Remorselessly, gayly, irresistibly, they moved in on barrooms, barber shops and barbecues alike. Osa Johnson led them into the wilds of Darkest Africa on safari, and Jeanette Rankin led them into Congress. Hitherto sacrosanct men's clubs began to let the girls in for lunch, for cocktails, for dinner or all three—if they didn't, they went out of business.

Through boom-time, depression, war and postwar eras, the girls maintained their attack, until hardly a robust lumberman in our northern forests had a plaid shirt he could safely call his own. After a while, with women in all the armed services and every branch of business and industry, it grew so difficult to get away from them that it was no longer worth while—if, in truth, it ever had been.

The second cause for the man's-man collapse came, like so many other embarrassing truths, out of the mouth of Sigmund Freud. It hardly required a trained psychiatrist, once the secrets of our sex-drives began to be general knowledge, to figure out that there had to be something basically very odd indeed about a man who spent most of his adult life avoiding the girls. After all, as history more than makes plain, women are man's greatest adventure. So what sort of adventurer would avoid them?

Men who had spent razorless years in the Arctic or Antarctic, studying polar bears, penguins, Eskimos and other local phenomena, returned to civilization to find themselves greeted not with invitations to address the Explorer's Club but with sidelong, speculative glances and covert suggestions

that they visit a recommended psychiatrist to discover what drove them so far from normal human relationships.

After all, while it may be important for us to know more about the peculiarities of the walrus seal or the sea elephant, is this knowledge of sufficient importance for a man to risk social ostracism by his contemporaries? Apparently, most of these roving males decided in the negative, for they gave up. Unless women are included, such expeditions into the nowhere are increasingly rare—unless the men involved are under military orders or expect to reap a rich crop of dividends via the women's club lecture route on their return.

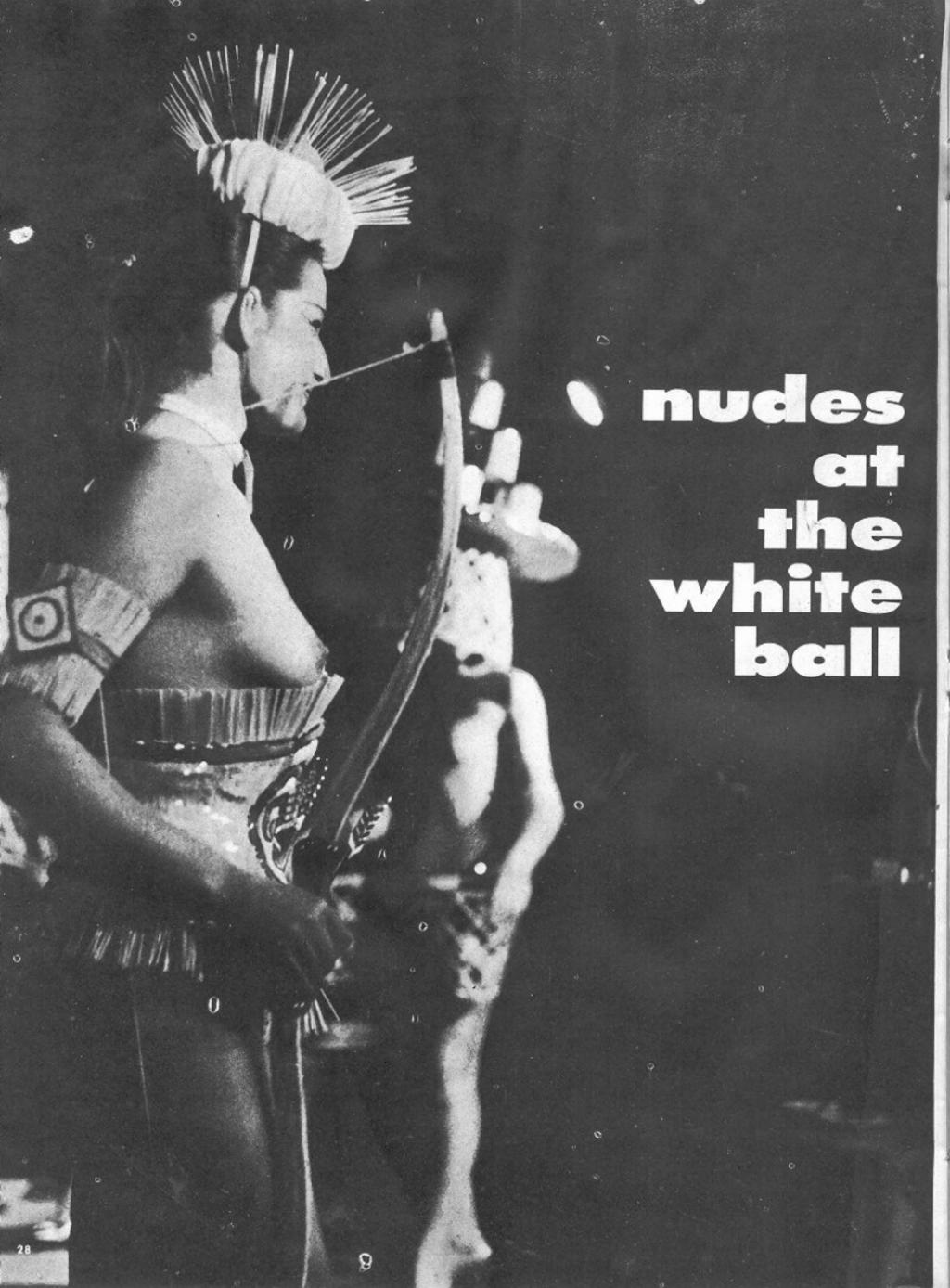
Actually, the real test of a man's virility is not how many men like him or how much money he can make, it's how deeply he can inspire affection in the woman or women of his choice. And you don't create lasting love by locking yourself up in a succession of board meetings or by trekking off alone to the hemstitched rim of civilization. You've got to be with the woman or women involved, and you've got to like being with them.

Nowadays, there is a great deal of talk about teamwork among men at work, as there is about being on the team—whatever that may mean. Actually, there is not a team that compares in importance with the biological pairing of man and woman together. A man doesn't make it by going into the deep woods alone—unless he's alone with a woman!

A man can still be a master at mixing and flipping sourdough flapjacks on a hunting trip—he can even put a patch over one eye and pose for a shirtmaker. But to rate as a man nowadays, he's got to be able to pick out tasty lingeries as well—and without blushing!

by JAMES V. LAWRENCE





**nudes  
at  
the  
white  
ball**



THE NEW show at the Boule Blanche (The White Ball), a well known night club in Montparnasse, Paris, is called "In The Moon", even though that doesn't seem to have anything to do with the elaborate shenanigans of the twenty voluptuous and tempting performers who display their lovelies from Midnight to 5 A.M. every morning in a variety of hilarious and provocative sketches.

The show, in fact, is a reenactment of famous scenes that should have been and, even in some cases, were a part of history.

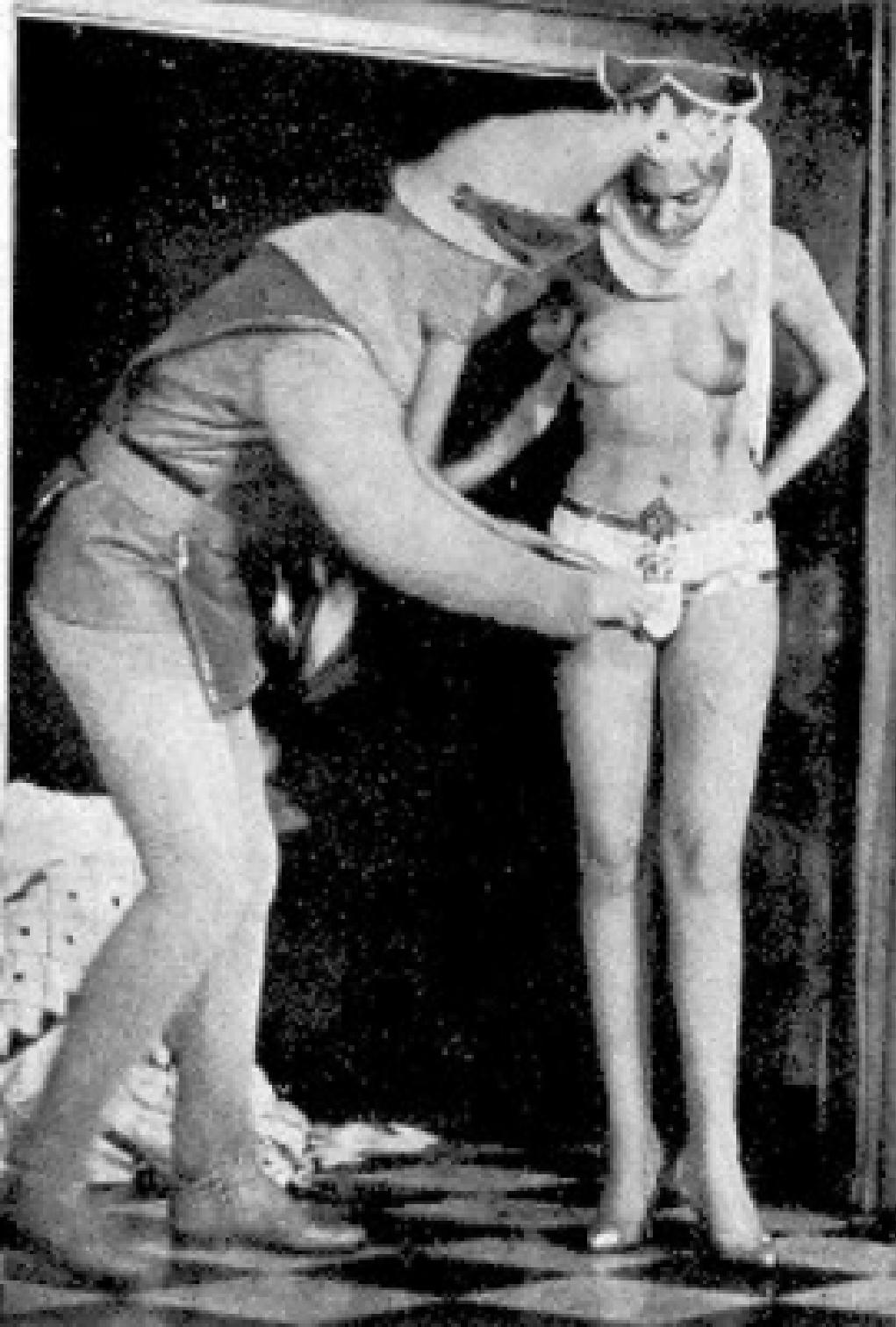
As one example, Suzy Michelson the voluptuous blonde star of the show appears as Mme. de Pompadour preparing for her consort and discards many bustles, brassieres, tidbits and *cetera*, winding up *au natural* in her night cap.

Then, of course, there are the lush, traditional scenes mined from legend and the director's imagination, so dear to all who like to spend their francs or pounds or marks or dollars on



History presented in erotic tableaux at favorite Paris nightspot



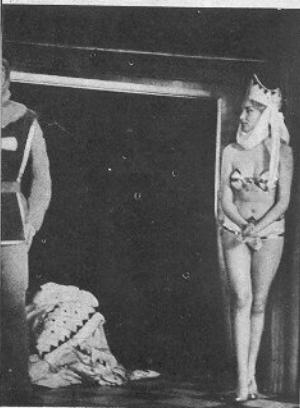




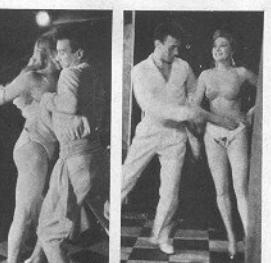
*The dance of the Arabian Slaves performed to authentic harem music.*



*Vive La Derrierre! C'est la plus grande.*



*Famous burlesque of the aging knight who nightly locks and unlocks his young wife in her chastity belt.*



*During the show's finale, Eddie seems frustrated.*

pageantry, color, glamour and beauty, especially when liberally spiced with lithe, lush young nude female bodies.

There is a fantasy out of the Arabian knights — from the French, not the Sir Richard Burton version — with voluptuous harem beauties clad only in the most transparent of gauze and lace, or in nothing at all.

There is even a fantastic spectacle which holds a tinge of science fiction blended with ancient Greek legend and peppered with sex and nudity in true Gallic style. In this, one of the lushest of the chorines sews seeds of discord between the rival love-goddesses of alien planets.

But the glittering finale is, in every sense of the word, the absolute end. Here, in a frantic, ribald strip-tease, we find M. Eddy, the only man in the show (ADAM pauses prayerfully to wish him *bon appetit*, that's good health in English), ripping the clothes off the sweetie who jilts him until nothing remains but girl.

What a curtain! What a show! What a reason to fly to Gay Paree!





John Knox. Instead, he substituted plural marriage for those who could afford more than one wife. Thus, the surplus women were taken care of both as a personal and a social duty—and never let it be said that the Prophet failed to provide a notable example in this regard!

As Islam prospered, the harem principle perhaps got somewhat out of hand — as recently as 20 years ago, the "Westernized" Turkey of Mustapha Kemal Pasha tried in vain to hush up the fact that a wealthy and prominent pasha was made a father seven times in a single day, two of his wives having produced twins simultaneously while a third had triplets! On the other hand, the drowning, strangling or abandonment to starvation of girl babies was no longer practiced, and the

Prophet gave the women of Islam one unprecedented freedom, at least in principle. They could divorce an unwanted husband even as a man could divorce them, by saying, "I divorce thee!" three times in his presence — after which they were free to return to their fathers and reclaim their dowries. If things seldom failed to work out for the ladies in practice, the Prophet can hardly be blamed for that.

He drew heavily on the Jewish faith for his religious history, using the Old Testament almost intact and much of the New (Jesus, for instance, is a Mohammedan prophet, but not the Messiah as in the Christian interpretation). He invoked plenty of fasts and festivals without which no religion can gain headway among primitive peoples, and he enforced dietary laws, so essential to human survival in hot climates without refrigeration.

Along with his fabulous Eblis or hell, he gave his followers a heaven in which harem and oasis, the two irresistible dreams of desert-living folk, are blended with sweet music and sherbets. And he gave Islamites a non-sense means of getting there. The more non-believers a believer slew in battle or subjugated by conquest, the better his chances and the greater his reward after death.

To a half-starved desert people, already driven largely to banditry for subsistence, this legalizing of the national pursuit was a stroke of sheer genius. It was a virtue to attack infidels where and whenever they appeared — and it was more than a virtue, it was a pleasure. If you got killed,

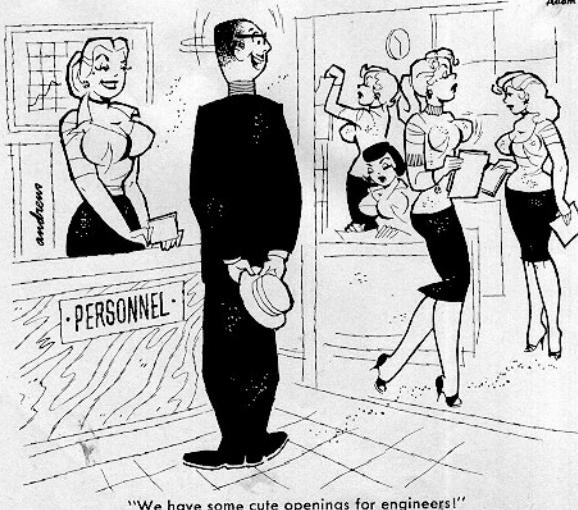
you went to heaven — if you survived, you obtained loot to build yourself a heaven here on earth, and could still attain the celestial gardens, with their perfumed, painted, passionate hours, when you died.

Small wonder then, that Mohammedans fought with a ferocity horrifying to the somewhat less inspired troops and townspeople called up to face them in combat. It is a matter of record, in this regard, that the Spaniards were utterly unable to conquer, pacify or destroy a few-score thousands of Moro tribesmen in the Southern Philippines, whom they attempted to convert to Christianity, in a matter of 400 years. It took the United States until 1916 to bring them to terms after a series of small but ferocious campaigns, and then only because the Moros discovered their new landlords had no designs upon their faith or customs.

Yet, there is more to Islam than fighting, fasting and loving. Being warriors, nomads and sensualists, and shunning the profit motive, Mohammedans are closer to nature than most Westerners, more aware of its beauty and mysteries, more sensitive to its nuances and changes. The 1001 tales of Sheherazade and the poems of Omar Kayyam are far more a part of the Moslem personality than, say, the plays and poems of Shakespeare are inherent in us Westerners. In fact, it is the mystical streak in the Mohammedan that may have proved the ultimate bar in the path of world conquest they came so close to attaining so many times. In a worldly way, they were never very practical when the chips were down.

Yet, they swept the world and detained Ghengis Khan and Tamerlaine, who almost swept Islam off the map. It was an army of Egyptians, led by an ex-slave called Bebars, under the Black Banner that first routed a major Mongol army near Damascus and it was the Mohammedans under Saladin and other great Saracen leaders who defeated Mediaeval Europe's greatest spiritual-military effort in the Crusades. It was the Mohammedan pirates of Tripoli who gave the fledgling American navy one of its first bloodbaths over 150 years ago.

Viewed as a man, the round-faced little camel driver of Mecca, with his fits and silences and appalling laugh, the fat little man who dyed his beard red or yellow and dressed in outrageous colors, the aging little man who "liked three things most—women, scent and eating, but mostly women," seems preposterous as a leader. But, as a prophet, as the founder of an enduring faith that has swept most of the world, his is truly a fabulous figure!



**She had visions of freedom  
and wealth, and would do anything to make them come true**

# DREAMER

BY MARTIN COURNEY



**H**E HELD HER close, feeling the heat well up inside her. His mouth and lips sought hers, found them, brought her body to life.

She pushed away from him with a soft moan and he stood there watching, a sardonic smile on his lips.

"You want to, don't you?" he whispered.

As if in a trance, she nodded.

"Then why not?"

Her eyes and hands swept the room. "Not like this, not in a cheap hotel room. Even my husband is more romantic than this."

"But apparently that isn't enough."

Her eyes dropped, and she didn't

answer.

He watched her, knowing that he wanted this woman . . . like he wanted all women. As a scalp to add to his belt of conquests. And he knew he was going to have her. He could read the signs. He would just have to play it smart. If she wanted romance, he'd give it to her.

"Spend a weekend with me then. Las Vegas. The whole works . . . how does that sound?"

She became alive again. Became animated. Yes, it sounded fine, sounded wonderful.

He came across the room to her and swept her into his arms. The words were feathers in her ears . . . thrilling and chilling her. Arousing her. She thrust her body against his, forcing her breasts to his chest. And then his hands were upon her . . . coaxing, tempting, teasing. And she responded.

They tumbled to the bed, and the world exploded between them . . .

They relaxed, talking as they lay in each other's arms. He smiled to himself at the immaturity of her words. Now that it was over, it was over. Once was enough with this woman for him. The sooner it ended the better.

"And now that I have romance, there's only one thing missing in my life."

He sat up on one elbow and stared down at her. "What's that. What's this secret desire of yours?"

"Money."

He laughed. "Who doesn't want that? Only none of us ever get it."

She was hurt by his laughter, but went on talking. Almost as if he wasn't there. "But people don't want it the way I do . . . it's not such an obsession with them. I think I've entered every contest there is . . . tried to get on every quiz show . . . played the horses, gambled. Done everything . . . but still no money. At least not the way I want it."

"But what about your husband? Doesn't he make enough?"

"That fat slob. Oh, he makes a living, that's all. If you only were rich, then I'd have everything."

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything. A lover. Money. The whole works." She stroked his chest. You are quite a lover, you know."

He smiled contentedly.

"Now tell me about the weekend. Where should I meet you?"

"Weekend? Oh yes, Las Vegas." Now that he had her, who needed Las Vegas? "Tell you what, baby, I'll meet you. Friday night I'll call you. Just let the phone ring three times and when it stops, you'll know it's me. I'll meet you around the corner from your house, in the car and we'll be on our way."

She grabbed him, impulsive in her happiness. "I'll be ready . . . I'll be ready . . . willing . . . and able."

**SHE WATCHED** her husband sitting in his chair scratching his belly. And she shuddered. Soon it would be over. Real soon. Oh, why doesn't he call? Why doesn't he call?

Her bag was upstairs, packed and ready. So was the goodbye note to her husband. She'd leave that on the refrigerator so he wouldn't miss it.

But why doesn't he call?

The hall clock chimed ten and, without watching, she knew her husband was getting up, putting on his shoes, going out the front door, and taking his walk to the corner for a newspaper.

Now was the time for him to call. Now, while he was gone.

She jumped, startled, as the phone rang.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

She took one last look around the house, one remembering look. Then she was out the door, the suitcase banging against her leg. But she was too excited to feel the pain, to notice the tear in her stocking.

She looked for the blue convertible as she rounded the corner. And saw the empty street. Oh, he must have been delayed in traffic. He'll be along any minute. And then my life begins all over.

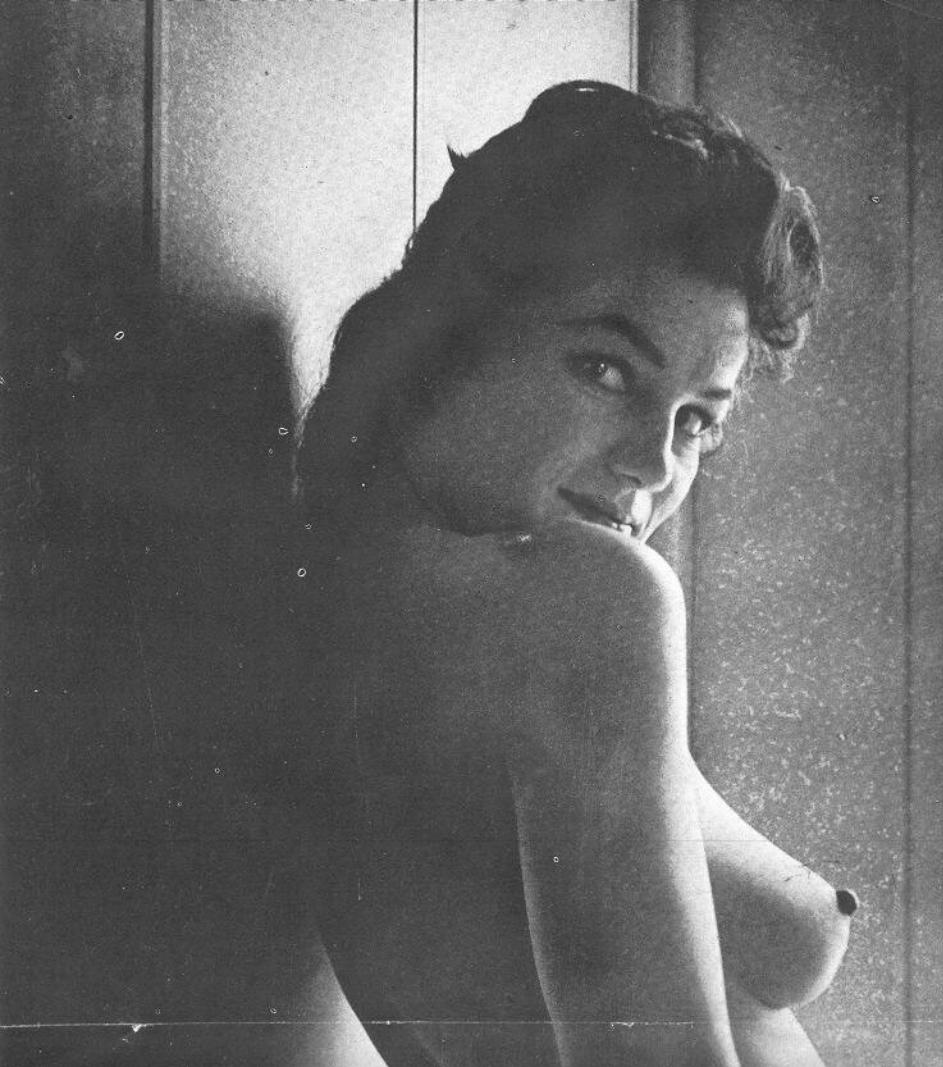
At 12 o'clock, she made the call to his hotel. She hardly heard the words after the voice told her he had checked out Wednesday and had left no forwarding address. He had mentioned something about going West, but that was all.

She sat on the suitcase in the bus terminal waiting. Just waiting. She had no place to go . . . not after that note to her husband. He'd never take her back after what she had written. And then suddenly she saw his picture staring at her from the newspaper on the floor.

She grabbed it, and the tears started as she read the words:

Telephone Company almost costs man \$100,000. A national quiz program called the home of Mr. Thomas Lee tonight but a malfunction in the phone caused the instrument to ring but three times. Fortunately the operator who had placed the call realized something was wrong and told the master of ceremonies. It took about half an hour to make the repairs and when the call was finally placed Mr. Lee easily answered the question worth \$100,000.

"Hey Mac, the attendant yelled to the passerby, give me some help with this dame, she just fainted!"



## **ADAM's Eve**

*Fair pledges of the fruitful tree  
Why do ye fall so fast?  
Your date is not yet passed  
But you may stay yet there awhile  
To blush and gently smile  
And go at last.*

—HERRICK  
*To Blossoms*



## ADAM's Eve

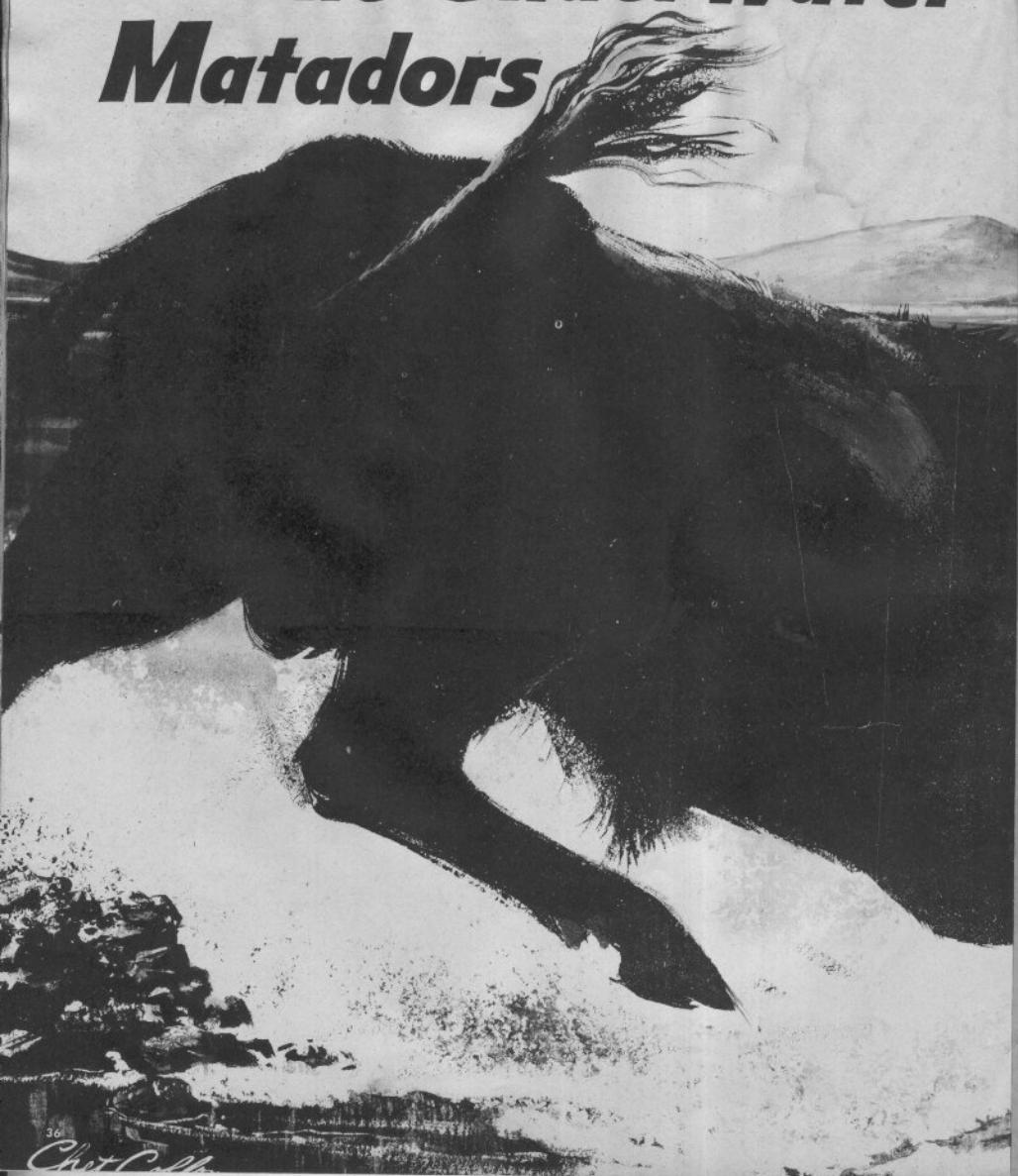
*Fair pledges of the fruitful tree  
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—HERRICK  
*To Blossoms*



He was trapped in the surf between the raging bull and the man-eating sharks

# ***the Underwater Matadors***



36  
*Chet Colby*

**L**A VIGRA is a tiny village on the Northern coast of Spain. Hundreds of years ago it had been a prosperous fishing center until the sardines decided to swim elsewhere. The men of La Vigra talk mostly of the past for today it is little more than a collection of ancient houses and poverty-stricken people.

The most amazing thing to happen to La Vigra since the Civil War was the coming of Charlie Anderson. Charlie was a great many things. He was an American, an abstract painter, and although he spoke little Spanish, his cheerfulness and respect for the people was understood by them. He was also a man in his late fifties with a wide grey beard and a rugged, homely face. Despite his years, his body was tall and powerful with seemingly youthful muscles. Charlie had

little money but by La Vigra standards he was quite rich.

Nor was it only his weird—if colorful—pictures that amazed La Vigra. Charlie loved to swim, although the villagers patiently tried to explain that the sea was evil and had killed many of their ancestors. And he spent much time paddling about in a ridiculous patched canvas boat with a little red sail—a boat that came packed in a suitcase and so, obviously, could not be seaworthy. The village elders warned of the sea, and of the folly of a man Charlie's age wrestling and boxing with the young men—but perhaps because he spoke such stumbling Spanish, Charlie paid the warnings no mind. He painted, he swam, and at night he would often drink huge quantities of wine and sing songs they found amusing, even if they had no idea what "Wagon

—turn the page

by **JIM NORBERT and BILL PRESTON**



Charlie waved his arms  
and the island trembled  
as the beast charged.

## MATADOR, from page 37

"Wheels" and "Hound Dog" meant.

On this morning, as Charlie took his rod and canvas kayak, the villagers pointed to their aching feet, the odd-colored sky, solemnly warned a storm was coming and would result in a strong tide, but Charlie merely waved and paddled away. After a few hours of fruitless fishing Charlie started back for shore. But the tide was going out and although he tacked against the strong wind and bent his back to the paddle, the kayak was carried out to sea. The sky turned a sickly black and, when the storm hit, Charlie was frightened but not full of panic. He had sailed his kayak in many places from the Colorado rapids to the South Seas and he had seen many worse storms. He battled the great waves, concentrating only on keeping his tiny boat from swamping.

Twenty minutes later, the storm ended as abruptly as it had started and the sun came out brightly. Charlie figured he was about 10 miles at sea and due North. Sighting on the sun, he ran up his red sail and made for the coast. When he was finally in sight of the mainland he saw a small island—a rough circle of land some 200 yards in diameter which reminded him of the islets of the South Pacific with its white beach and low shrubbery. The island lay about 3 miles from the coast and Charlie beached his boat, stepped out to stretch his legs and explore. He found clams at the water's edge and, as he was eating some, there was a deep roar, the land shook, and Charlie

turned to see a tremendous black fighting bull charging him!

Charlie sprinted for his boat but when he felt the animal's raging breath upon his back, he swerved like a full-back and dived into the sea. Standing in waist-high water he watched the bull toss the kayak on his great horns, smash and rip the boat to shreds. Charlie was more curious than panicky. He was sorry at the loss of his boat but the bull fascinated him—a truly magnificent beast with splintered horns and many scars of picos, swords, and banderillas on his sleek dark skin.

Charlie stood in the water, ready to swim, but the bull merely glared at him, then trotted back across the small beach, drank at a spring, and returned to nibbling the shrubbery. Charlie couldn't see any house, or signs of other animals or humans. He waded ashore and the bull immediately charged, forcing Charlie to flee again into the ocean. He circled the island, walking at the edge of the water, and soon realized he was indeed alone with the bull. At one point the beach dropped suddenly into very deep water and as he swam ashore, Charlie saw sharks swimming less than a 100 yards out.

By nightfall, Charlie knew he was in a tough spot. The tiny island was evidently the bull's kingdom and he had no intention of sharing it. Charlie was terribly thirsty, the clams he was eating only making his thirst more so. At the moment his sole worldly possession was his swimming trunks. His legs were soggy, the skin wrinkling

like an old prune, and he was cold.

In the darkness he walked a few yards inland and almost reached the spring when the bull came charging like a blast of thunder. Charlie spent the rest of the night taking shivering cat-naps on the beach, constantly alert for those island-shaking hoofs. With the coming of dawn, he had to dive into the sea again, the red-eyed bull pawing the sand and snorting at him. Charlie was still fairly calm, he figured there had to be a fishing boat passing by soon.

Late in the afternoon he was still standing in the water, weakened by exposure, his entire body aching for fresh water. He knew then it would be impossible for him to last another night. Either he or the bull had to die. Making friends with the beast was out of the question. So was swimming to the mainland. Normally a three mile swim wouldn't have fazed Charlie, but even if he wasn't so weak now, the sharks ruled out any swim.

Charlie walked around in knee-deep water and wondered how he was going to kill a thousand pounds of muscle, or did the bull weigh a ton? And he had to do it before nightfall or he would be so weak from thirst he'd either drown or be gored. He was weaponless: his fishing tackle, his knife, had long since been washed out to sea when the bull had smashed the kayak the day before. And what if he had a knife? Even a matador had to tire bull carefully before killing him with a sword and a host of assistants.

Since he wasn't any match for the bull on land, Charlie knew his only chance was in the water. Although the bull always stopped at the beach's edge, he could probably swim. For a time Charlie wondered if he could get the beast in the sea, perhaps drown him. But he doubted if he had strength for that, or if he had ever had that sort of strength. Charlie felt a big clam under his left foot, dug it up with his toes. He pricked his big toe on a sharp rock. He dug up another clam and smashing them together to break the shells, he ate slowly, inspected his cut toe. Staring at the jagged shells in his hands he suddenly knew he had weapons and a way of killing the bull. It would take skill and all his strength, so he had to try it now, before he grew any weaker.

The beast was in the center of the island, grazing on the shrubbery and keeping an eye on Charlie—who walked and swam toward the section of beach that dropped off into deep water. Crawling up on the sand, Charlie quickly piled up as many large stones as he could find. Charlie was flat on his stomach and the bull came forward slowly, suspicious at this sudden disappearance. Charlie piled the

Adam



"You wash and I'll dry."

stones well apart — so the bull's charge wouldn't scatter them all. Swimming a few dozen feet into the deep water, he swiftly ripped his cheek with one of the clam shells. He floated on his back for a few minutes, feeling the sting of salt in the wound, then made for shore.

Resting on the sand's edge for a moment, his beard red with blood, Charlie finally grasped both ragged shells firmly, stood up and screamed, "Hey toro! Toro! Come on, bull!" He waved his arms and the island trembled as the beast charged. When the sharp, ivory-yellow horns were less than a yard away, Charlie sidestepped, dived into the water. He felt the shock as the bull, unable to check his charge, hit the water, started to swim. Mustering every ounce of tired strength as he swam underwater, Charlie surfaced at the bull's side to cut his flanks with the shells. Diving under the beast, expecting a hoof to shatter his skull any second, Charlie came up and sliced at the great hump of shoulder muscles, then churned the bloody water in a frantic race for shore. Gasping and fighting to keep from blacking out, Charlie began hurling stones at the bull, trying to keep him from coming ashore.

As a rock hit his nose, another bounced off his eye, the bull hesitated, swimming about in the sea and blood. The moment of hesitation was fatal for now the animal was surrounded by fins and the sharks started butchering the beast, snapping his legs, taking great bites from his body. The bull disappeared beneath the violent red

water with a muffled roar sounding almost human. There was another sound — Charlie screaming at the horror of it all before collapsing upon the sand. Long minutes later he was able to drag himself toward the spring.

Exactly six days after he first landed on the island Charlie managed to start a fire and a La Virga boat saw his smoke signals. Except for a fierce scar on his face Charlie was healthy and happy — if literally fed up with clams. The men crossed themselves in their astonishment at seeing Charlie alive, asked many questions. As Charlie was trying to explain about the fire being an old Indian trick, the man chorused in Spanish, "But where is the bull?"

"The bull?" Charlie repeated. Then in stumbling Spanish, picking his words and underplaying it for laughs, he pointed to the scar on his cheek. "The bull cut me while giving me a close shave, so I had to kill him." Charlie laughed at his own little joke.

The men shouted that everybody knew about the terrible bull who had killed three matadors in the ring. He was even too mean for stud and his owner, not wishing to destroy such a fighter, had exiled him to the island to mellow with time. How did you kill him?" they asked.

"With my hands, of course. And with the help of my friend, the sea," Charlie said.

The men of La Virga shook their heads in disbelief. Old Charlie Anderson had always puzzled them, but this was too much. However they were too polite to call him a liar.

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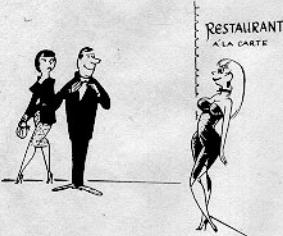
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# Adam's tales



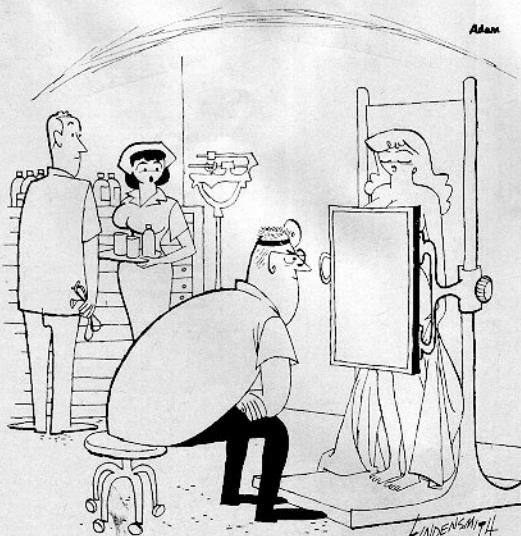
## WHAT'S FOR SALAD?

JAYNE: When Bill married me, he told me we'd live on his kisses.

MARILYN: Isn't that diet a trifle exhausting, honey?

JAYNE: Sure is, but it isn't the main course that does it—it's the dessert!

\* \* \*



"Wonder what he sees in her?"

## GULP!

The overworked physician was just sitting down to a very belated dinner, when a hysterical woman came bursting through his front door, crying, "Doctor, come quickly! My husband just swallowed a mouse."

"Then hurry home while I get my stomach pump, and try holding a piece of cheese in front of his mouth. I'll get over there as fast as I can."

The physician got to the woman's home a few minutes behind her. There he found a man lying quietly on the sofa while the still-hysterical woman jumped up and down and waved a sardine in front of his mouth.

"Calm down," the physician told her. "I said to use cheese, not a sardine."

"I know, I know," screeched the distraught female, "but I've got to get the cat out first!"

\* \* \*

## PASS-PLAY

GERTIE: So you're named Tom. Don means Chief, and George means horse-lover, and Philip means beloved. Do you know what Tom means?

TOM: Business, baby, business!

\* \* \*



## GAL IN DISTRESS

While taking a solo stroll in the woods one day, a very pretty young girl came upon a beautiful secluded lake. Unable to resist the appeal of its crystal-clear water, she removed her clothes and had herself a swim.

Thoroughly refreshed, she waded through the pool to where she had left her clothes—only to find a rube sitting on top of them, grinning at her and devouring her with his eyes.

She was about to panic, when her toe touched something under the water. Plucking it, she saw it was a large, castaway frying pan. Holding it over her most private part, she marched boldly out of the water to have it out with the rube.

"Listen, you creep," she began indignantly, "do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Yup," said the lout with a leer. "You're a thinkin' there's a bottom in the skillet."

\* \* \*



### THE INSIDE DOPE

Departing from the corner saloon, Jervis encountered his old friend, Melville. Although noted for his jovial loquacity, Jervis for once seemed glum, if not downright downcast. Wondering what had upset his old buddy, Melville said, "Something bothering you, Jerv Old Boy?"

"Well, yes," admitted Jervis after a painful silence. "There is something bothering me."

"Better get it off your chest then," said Melville. "Confession is good for the soul."

"It's not that easy," blurted Jervis. "In fact it's damned embarrassing — and it concerns you."

"Out with it, Pal — we've been buddies since grade school."

"Okay then," said Jervis, "but you asked for it. Last night, when I went to the brothel, I found your wife working there as one of the girls. Much as it pains me to say it, you're married to whore!"

"Relax, Old Pal," said Melville jovially. "You don't know the inside dope. My wife is no whore. She's only filling in at the brothel for a girl who came down with a social disease!"



### ALL THAT MEAT...

The veteran preacher was giving his flock a vespers talk about King Solomon and all his glories. After he had described the splendors of his palaces and temples, his famed meeting with the Queen of Sheba, he went on to tell them of Solomon's four hundred wives and seven hundred concubines, stating that the great King fed them all on ambrosia.

At this point, a flock-member rose to say, "Never mind what he fed *them* — what did *he* eat?"

### BULLY

The loner who walked into the saloon, was so obviously and offensively of lavender hue that sturdy Pat, the bartender, couldn't stand the sight of him.

"I want a scotch and thoda," lisped the orchidaceous one boldly.

"Get lost," said Pat. "You'll be giving the place a bad name. Beat it — this is a working man's saloon."

"Pleath, I only want a scotch and thoda," repeated the pertinacious pansy.

"Okay then," Pat gave in. "Get the hell down to the end of the bar, and mind your own business, and I'll serve you."

Pat got the odd one his drink, and the unwelcome customer sat at the end of the bar and minded his business, and, after a while, Pat forgot about him. Then big Tim, a regular and a steamfitter came in and demanded a double bourbon. After getting down a second and a third, in accord with his custom, he beat himself on the chest and said, "Thanks, Pat. I can go to work now. I feel as strong as a bull."

At this, from the forgotten end of the bar, came a faint but unmistakable, "Moo!"

\* \* \*

### REAR, SCHMEER

There was a young lady named Green, Who in front of a mirror did preen,

Till her mother said, "Dear,

You've a very cute rear,  
But the front of you's almost obscene!"

\* \* \*

Adam



### THUNDER ON THE LEFT

The Dowager Duchess of Leigh Once sat by my side at a teigh.

Her rumblings abdominal

Were something phenomenal,  
And everyone thought it was meigh!

\* \* \*

### OH, NOAH!

The teacher inquired of her class how Noah spent his time on the ark. Receiving no answer, she suggested, "I presume he did a lot of fishing."

"Oh, yeah?" cried little Freddy. "With only two worms?"

\* \* \*



### PETRIFIED

Twelve-year-old Benny came tearing at top speed out of the burlesque show where he had just seen his first stripper in action. Wondering what had started him running, the house-manager stopped the boy and asked him the cause of his hurry.

Excitedly, the boy replied, "My mummy told me if I ever looked at anything bad I'd turn to stone — and I've started already!"

\* \* \*





**She was big, she was beautiful  
and she loved him more than he knew**

# **more than a friend**

**S**HE WAS CALLED Satin, because her hair was a frozen thundercloud and smooth to the hand. Her legs swept up from tapered ankles to strong hips; her stomach was muscled and flat. Sometimes there was a red glow far back in her golden eyes.

All one hundred and sixty pounds of Satin was in love.

"You're so beautiful," Sam told her often. "Strong and beautiful, and if your heart wasn't so big, you could be deadly."

She would close her eyes to the wonderful voice and quiver to the caress of his fingers upon her throat. She could not tell him how it was.

Satin knew only that he was the world and all in it, that she dreamed of him every moment he was gone from the small house with its impossibly high-fenced yard. When it was time for him to return, she waited near the door, chin lifted, hungry for his touch.

Sometimes he did not come. Then she paced fretting across the living room, through the kitchen, stopped for a head-swinging glance into the bathroom. She would stand for stiff-legged moments beside the bed, nostrils flared wide for the smell of him remaining in the blankets.

He would not return, and the banked embers in Satin's eyes would grow into open flames. If Sam could have seen her then, he would have known her heart was not so big; he would have known she had not forgotten the green, dark places where nothing was friend.

But when he came home to her in the tired, quiet hours of morning, Satin thought of nothing but the fact that he was close by, safe. Of course, there would be the smell of powder on his shirt, and perfumes, and the maddening taste of women on his hands.

In the mornings, he was sorry he had left her waiting and worrying for him, and would tell her so while he was getting food for them both. If it was Sunday, they rode

—turn the page

**by CONNIE SELLERS**

far out to where there were no others, to deep woods with running wind in their faces, where there were wild smells and the wild taste, sometimes.

If it was a work day for her, she would make Sam proud, doing everything exactly right, not minding the lights and noise, listening only for the signals Sam made, very high, very thin.

But these days were few. Usually the dry days stretched before her, dusty, emptied hours without Sam. It would have been better if she could have gone with him each day, to stay protectingly by his side. But Sam would not allow this.

No other could love him as Satin did, since she had never loved before, and would not again. No other could be so willing to sacrifice, could be so ready, so wanting to protect him. And yet, those weak, soft others were a threat to Satin, and she realized it. She hated them for what they meant to him, and feared them, because some day Sam might go away with one of them and never ever come back. If that happened, Satin would go mad.

But until then, she would be content to be near him when she could. It was enough to have him touch her, stroke her and tell her she was beautiful — for this was better than the old places, dark green places where men never came, until Sam did.

Then Sam brought the woman home. As always, Satin met him at the

door. The bitch was standing behind him, wisely behind him, still with the smell of paints, the burned smell of art lights upon her.

"Be a good girl, now," he said. "Come into the kitchen with me. But first, Norma, this is Satin — Satin, Norma. A newcomer to our business, Satin, but so lovely she can't miss."

Satin stared unblinking at the woman, then, muttering, she had gone with Sam because she could not deny him anything. He laughed over his shoulder at the woman he had brought into their house.

Satin pressed herself against him, but he moved away. He gave her food, but she would not eat. He took down bottles from the shelf, and glasses, and shook ice cubes from the refrigerator.

He was clumsy, and she knew he had been drinking, and could inhale the scent of it from his skin.

"Now don't be jealous," he said. "You're beautiful and I love you, Satin, but —"

She moved back to give him room to balance the tray of drinks.

"Now stay here," he said.

Breathing heavily, she remained in the kitchen, hearing the laughter, the scuff of feet across the floor as the music swelled up. He should not do this to her.

"Oh," the woman in the other room said, "I suppose I must get used to crazy things out here. And she's nice, I guess. But shouldn't she have a place of her own? Sam, darling — she's so big."

He laughed. "Satin's not like my other stars. She'd pine away without me. And as for being big, I like my women that way. You're no flyweight, yourself."

"Sam!"

"Oh — but nice. You're as beautiful as Satin."

"I imagine that's a compliment."

"It is, because she's perfect. As you are perfect — here, and over here, and here —"

Satin quivered. She could not see from the kitchen, but from the sound of his voice, he was stroking that bitch out there, making her tremble under the touch of his hands, as he made Satin tremble.

There was more, and the music going again, and the dancing. Three times he came into the kitchen for more drinks, and each time he ignored Satin and the embers of her eyes. The last time, he stumbled into the refrigerator and grunted.

Soon the music stopped and the woman laughed. Satin caught the sound of the bedroom door closing. She waited until she could sit still no longer, then went into the darkened

living room and stood listening at the door.

There were mumbled words that she could not make out, and sounds of bare, frantic legs on twisted sheets, and panting timed to the quickening rhythm of bedsprings.

Satin could not stand quietly. She paced the room, tongue licking across her teeth, her stomach taut and knotted. But the noises from the bedroom kept pace with her.

An eternity later, the silence came, broken once by the clink of a bottle against a glass, broken again by his sleep noises, the grunts he made when he was drunk.

And something else.

In the darkness of the living room, where there were no dry leaves to rustle warning, no moonlight to point her out, Satin waited statue-quiet against the far wall. The bedroom door opened and the woman stood in it, naked in the night, warm from the love she had stolen. She swayed a little, making her way to the bathroom, fumbling for the light switch.

Satin moved out to wait for her.

The woman was young and pale, although not as young as Satin, not nearly so heavy, not nearly so strong. When she weaved out of the bathroom, she saw the gleam of Satin's eyes, and paused.

Puzzled by the whiskey, the unfamiliar house, she stood blinking in the nakedness of her soft flesh. Then she remembered, but Satin moved so fast, so silent, that the woman had no time to scream.

Sam felt the light of Sunday morning upon his eyelids, and turned away from its bright hammer. He felt a bed-warm body against him, and the fuzzy memory of last night and Norma came to him. Sweet Norma.

Silkhair of woman belly pressed to his thigh in the eyeshut morning, searching velvet-wet tongue against his mouth, into his mouth with saltsweet passion so early in the morning...

Abruptly, Sam came full awake.

Sick-hissing through his teeth, he twisted back from the wet mouth pushed against his own.

Not a mouth, but something else stiff-bristled and horribly wrong in un-human passion.

He shuddered erect, away, out of bed onto the floor where his knees trembled as he stared down at the bed. She had not been kissing him — she had been licking him... with a red-smiling horror of blood clotted thick about her black lips.

Satin — with blood on her muzzle — Oh God — an unbelievable amount of blood on the great black panther's muzzle.

Adam



"Excuse me . . . but are you, by any chance, a nymphomaniac?"

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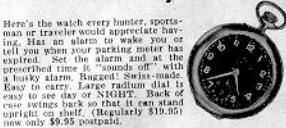
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AUNT HYPATIA,  
from page 5

"Well, well," he said putting out a paint stained thumb to measure her nose. "Hello, Randy's aunt."

"I asked you a question. This is Randy's apartment, isn't it?"

"Yes, but she isn't here. I sent her away. She bored me."

"She bored you?" she repeated incredulously and then jumped as he placed a hand under her chin and tilted her head. She smelled liquor on his breath.

"Yes, she bored me. I told her to go away and live for a while. After all, I told her, what do you have except youth, beauty and money? Certainly nothing that would interest an artist for long."

Hypatia tried to pull away but he clung to her chin tilting her head in the other direction.

"I like you, Randy's aunt. There's a plane in your face and a line in your neck which I find fascinating."

"Oh you do, do you?" She pulled away.

"Yes, I do. I'd like to paint you. But I'd have to sleep with you first."

Hypatia's mouth was open but nothing would come out. In her thirty-three years she had had similar offers but none had ever been quite so blunt.

"You don't have to decide right now," he said. "We'll have a drink

and give you an hour or so to think it over."

"But . . . but I came here to see Randy," she protested. "I was told that she was living here with you."

"Please," he said holding up a hand. "I told you that she bores me. Let's see now. No, there isn't a thing around here to drink. We'll have to go down to Papa Rafard's. And while we're there we might as well have something to eat. I'm afraid that carrot I had for lunch won't be enough for today. When I'm working I usually have nothing but a carrot but sex excitement seems to stir up the digestive juices. Right now I could eat a great, big bowl of Mama Rufard's cabbage soup."

Hypatia took a step toward the door only to find her hand clasped in one of his. Slowly he drew her toward him.

"Look, junior," she faltered, "keep your distance. I'm not having any. I'm not . . ." His lips closed over hers. After a few seconds or a few centuries, she wasn't sure which, he released her and grinned.

"What's the matter, Randy's Aunt? Never been kissed before?" he asked as she sank down on the nearest chair. Then suddenly he was kneeling in front of her, unlacing her shoes.

"What . . . what are you doing?"

"Getting rid of these," he said, tossing the sensible brown oxfords into a corner. "I couldn't take a woman into Papa Rufard's wearing shoes like that."

He crossed the room and rummaged through some boxes. This can't be happening to me, she told herself. She looked around, wildly measuring the distance to the door. A sudden dash would put her beyond this madman's

reach, but her legs wouldn't move. What should she do? Even in Paris, people shouldn't act the way this one did.

Bushman gave a grunt of satisfaction and came toward her with a pair of red and gold sandals in his hands. "These will fit, I think. They're not much but they're better than those monstrosities you had on."

It was dark in Papa Rufard's and she looked around, blinking, searching for some way out of this predicament. Dale pounded on the bar.

"Mama! Mama! Where are you, you good-for-nothing Paris whore?"

"Shut up, you!" a husky female voice answered from the darkness behind the bar. "We have some respectable customers once in a while. You want to drive them away?"

Hypatia saw a tall, heavy woman leaning across the bar displaying a well-endowed chest.

Dale lifted Hypatia onto a stool and then leaned across to fondle Mama's chin. "Bestir yourself, you French seductress. Bring us brandy and food. The best in the house."

The woman waved a big fist under Dale's nose. "Brandy and food is it now? And you with not a penny to pay for any of it."

Bushman cupped the woman's face in one hand and kissed her long and lingeringly. "Since when have you been charging me, Mama? Come on now. Let's have some service, I have a lady with me."

"Your rent it is paid but who will pay for the wine and food you have consumed in the last two weeks. Now that the girl is gone. Who will pay?"

"I will. I'll pay for it as soon as I sell a painting."

"Ha! That I have heard before. As soon as I sell a picture." Mama railed as she placed a bottle of brandy on the bar in front of Dale.

"Now, Mama, hurry with the food," he said fondly pouring a glass of brandy and downing it quickly. "If you don't, I'll tell Papa how you've been lalligagging with the postman."

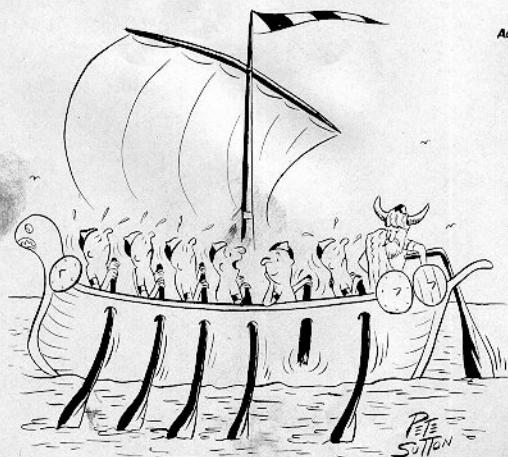
"Poof! What is this lalligagging? And what is the hurry?"

"I starve. I have much love and it make me very hungry."

Mama looked at Hypatia and laughed. "For this one you have much love? Ha! Much love would kill her. She's too thin. A . . . how you Americans say? A Sunday go?"

As she turned away Dale leaned across the bar and slapped her resoundingly across her ample rear. "But Mama all women can't have your big beautiful *derrier*."

She retreated into the kitchen laugh-



"Gad, what staminal! How do you do it?"

Adam

# The BRA BAR



"But, Mr. Gilman — he only seemed interested in the one I was wearing!"

ing.

As soon as she was gone, Dale's arm slipped around Hypatia's waist. She looked around the bar nervously and tried to pull away but he only tightened his grip.

"Now tell me what you do back in whatever Middle Western Village you come from. After all, if I'm mad with lust for you, I ought to know something about you. I don't even know your name."

"I told you. My name is Hypatia Kenyon and I teach school in Brooklyn and not in the Middle West and I want to know where my niece is."

"A school teacher! How perfect. I'll bet you're a virgin too."

"Please!"

"Just the same I'll bet you are," he said, pouring brandy in a glass for her.

"Please, I don't drink. A little sherry once in a while but that's all."

"You'll learn. I'm going to enjoy teaching you things."

"If Randy isn't here I ought to be leaving. I have to find a place to stay tonight."

Bushman shook his head. "Will you please stop acting like a school teacher and drink your drink. I'm not going to hurt . . . not very much." With this he pulled her tight against him and kissed her lips and then worked his way down her neck. He swung her slowly until her back was against the bar and then he pressed even more closely against her.

"What's this? What's this?" Mama's big voice boomed out. "You make push-push in my bar?" she slammed down two huge bowls of steaming soup in front of them.

Dale released Hypatia and rubbed his hands together. "Next to your lovely self, Mama, I hunger most for your soup." He fell to breaking off thick pieces of bread and popping them into his mouth between large spoons of soup.

While he ate, Hypatia sat with her head in her hand. Her body felt numb and tingling by turns. She was too embarrassed to eat, so she kept sipping from the glass of brandy. At least, she thought, the glass gave her something to hide behind. It didn't seem to help much, though, for the more she drank of the amber liquid the more her face burned.

When Dale finished his own bowl of soup he looked over, and seeing that Hypatia hadn't touched hers, reached over and scooped it up without spilling a drop. In a moment he was consuming that one as rapidly as he had the other. She wondered idly how long it had been since he had eaten and found herself staring at the bottom of the glass.

Mama Ruford leaned across the bar smiling and refilled the glass. She looked pityingly at Hypatia's slender shoulders and small round breasts and shook her head. Hypatia suddenly had the feeling that the only way out of this whole insane mess was in the glass in her hand. Wasn't that why people were supposed to drink? To get away from it all? She raised the glass and downed it as she had seen Dale do and time seemed to telescope and reality to become more real.

Someone sitting on the other side of Dale was talking. "There's a party at the Dickenson's. Plenty to drink and eat. Let go." She felt a hand on her elbow and remembered being steered up a long flight of stairs to a big house. Someone placed a drink in her hand and a party swirled about her. She was aware of sound and movement and talk but it was such a dim scattered awareness as to be none at all. She knew she was in a brightly lighted room and that she was with Dale and a red-bearded monster of a man. They seemed to be surrounded by dozens of people dressed mostly in jeans, sandals, shorts and sweat shirts.

"Dear, dear Christian Roget and his disciples are here," she heard red beard say to Dale.

"The Dickensons don't care who they invite, do they?" Dale said.

"Of course not. They invited us, didn't they? Let's get some more drinks."

Later she couldn't find Dale in the livingroom and she couldn't find a drink so she settled down at a piano that stood at one side of the room. Since no one seemed to be listening,

she started to play some Chopin. She had no more than begun when a man sat down beside her.

"Who are you?" he asked. "You must be someone. You look so ordinary but you've an individuality all your own. Who are you?"

"My name," Hypatia said with great dignity, "is Hypatia Kenyon."

"Hypatia Kenyon. How wonderful," he said clapping his hands. "I knew that you must be someone. Others try so hard to be someone and a person like you just goes on in her quiet way being named Hypatia. How wonderful!"

"Oh, it's really nothing . . . nothing at all."

"But it is," he said moving closer to her. "Do you know that you look like the only woman I ever loved and that you are playing the music I associate with the man I love? Would you mind terribly if I kissed you?"

He planted a chaste kiss on her forehead and then Dale appeared from nowhere and pulled her away. In a few seconds she was standing with a large drink in her hand beside Dale and red-beard whose name she now learned to her disappointment was John Jones. He was such an impressive looking man that it seemed rather a shame that he had such an un-impressive name.

"I can't stand Roget and his limp-wristed friends," Jones was saying. "All they want to do is sit around and read their little verses. Their vedy, vedy avant guard and vedy, vedy esoteric little verses. They talk about cosmic consciousness and universal soul and spout their sentimental mysti-

— turn to page 48



"But, Mr. Gilman — he only seemed interested in the one I was wearing!"

## AUNT HYPATIA, from page 47

cism all over the place but there isn't a creative bone in the lot of them."

"If they're the beat generation, I'll take the lost generation," Dale said. "We ought to walk out of here in a body just to show we don't approve of them."

"Now that's no way to talk," Jones said. "When did we ever walk out when the liquor was free and flowing?"

Hypatia finished her drink and someone handed her a fresh one. If it hadn't been for Dale's arm around her, she doubted if she could stand at all. Now they were reciting poetry but poetry that made her more dizzy than she had been to start with.

Maid of Mu now that we meet  
Here at the end of this old street.

Here at the end of this old race

Maid of Mu how sweet, how sweet.

But lo! The Garbage truck cometh!

"What's he talking about?" she asked Dale.

"He's transcending logic and touching on the unreason that is greater than reason . . . he says. He's communing with the cosmic organism through verse."

The end of the poem marked the beginning of the fight. As nearly as Hypatia could remember later, either Jones or Dale threw a beer bottle at the poet and things got lively. Jones seized two nattily dressed young men and knocked their prettily curled heads together and then threw them

across the room. Something hit Hypatia on the side of the head and the semi-darkness in which she had been moving about for the last hours became complete.

It was probably quite a bit later that she woke up although she couldn't be sure. She was back in the studio and Dale's voice was crooning against her ear.

She blinked her eyes. Was he reciting poetry to her or was it just her imagination? It wasn't her imagination. She was lying on the floor with him all but on top of her with his lips against the side of her face. She lifted her hand to brush a mist away from in front of her eyes and was surprised to find a drink in her hand.

"What . . . where . . ."

"Thy beauty shall no more be found;

Nor in the marble vault shall sound  
My echoing song; the worms shall

try

That long preserved virginity."

"Don't you Andrew Marvell at me you . . . you seducer," she said angrily. "Don't you think I know that old poem? Every college English major tries its seductive message on some girl at least once."

"And what's the matter with Marvell?" he asked. His lips were trying to find hers but he moved her head from side to side to keep her mouth free to talk.

"It's a dan . . . gerous philo . . . philosophy. That's what my English teacher used to say."

"I'll bet she did. And I'll bet the worms got hers too."

"She pulled away and peered near-sightily at the drink in her hand, 'What do you call this thing?'

"It's a gravedigger."

"A gravedigger? Isn't that interesting?" she said trying to slide away from him. His hands were making her very nervous. They seemed to have a life and ambition of their own. But she didn't slide too far for she didn't want him to know that she was afraid of him. After all, she told herself, that was the way to treat a mad dog, wasn't it? Not to let him know you were afraid. Maybe it would work on a mad painter too. Poor dear Randy, what she must have been going through all these months. Those kisses of his. She wondered suddenly if he could keep it up for months.

"What's in it?" she said drinking another half glass to prevent it being spilled in the silent wrestling match they were engaged in.

"Darling, you'll be much happier if you don't know," he said unbuttoning her dress and pushing it off her shoulders.

"Stop it . . . stop . . . it" she said trying to prevent his lips from caressing her neck and the tops of her breasts.

He paid absolutely no attention, but went on with what he was doing.

"I'll have to ask you to conduct yourself with more decorum," she said.

He didn't say anything.

"Young man, if you have what I think you have in mind, you're nosing around the wrong woman," she said as severely as she could.

"What are you saying it for," he asked softly.

"Maybe I want to press it between the leaves of a book," she muttered.

"Don't forget the worms, darling. Don't forget the worms."

"Damn Andrew Marvell anyway," she said and relaxed.

Later he got up and brought two glasses of milk from the kitchen and they sat cross-legged drinking it in deep thirsty gulps.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"I'll never be able to go back to Lincoln High now," she said mournfully.

"Why? Does the school board hold periodic examinations to assure itself of the teachers' virginity?"

"You have a perfectly vile way of expressing yourself," she said.

"This time," he said picking her up and starting toward the balcony, "I think it should be in bed."

He kicked open one of the doors and lowered her onto a bed. Afterwards they lay there half awake and half asleep not hearing the door of the apartment open.

Suddenly, there were quick steps on the stairway and the door of the room was flung open and the lights turned on. Startled, Hypatia sat up in bed letting the covers fall off her. She stared at the intruder and then slowly recognition dawned on her. It was Randy. She felt Dale sit up beside her and heard his, "I'll be damned . . . I'll be damned."

Randy just stood there looking from one to the other of them. "Aunt Hypatia! I didn't know you were in France! What . . . I don't understand!"

"Well you see I came to find you. Your father and I arrived last night and . . . he thought I might be able to persuade you to leave this man . . . that is, I mean Dale."

"Well, you certainly found an interesting way of doing it," the girl said.

"Look, Randy," Dale said, "I'm not going to apologize. Hypatia and I . . ." He got no farther. The door slammed so hard the room vibrated.

Adam



"Well, we're here —  
the Sportsman's Lodge . . ."

Dale shrugged. "Well, as I said, I'm not going to apologize," and he rolled over and went to sleep.

The next morning the whole thing looked terrible through a hangover. Hypatia sat at a battered little table and gazed into a cup of black coffee that she didn't want. He must have made love to her just because he was drunk, she told herself. And what must he think of her now for letting him? What must Randy think? My God! She must think that it had all been deliberate. That she had come here and purposely stolen her lover.

She wandered back into the bedroom and looked down at him. Still asleep. She hated him, she told herself, she hated him for what he had done to her and even more because he could sleep peacefully after having done it. He had been drunk of course, so drunk that he hadn't cared who he slept with. That was it. That must be it. He would be disgusted when he woke up and realized who it had been.

He groaned and opened his eyes. "God what a head I've got!"

"Shall I leave two dollars on the mantelpiece as I go out?" Hypatia said. "Is that the going price for your favors among the local ladies?"

"What the hell are you talking about?" he said sleepily.

"Oh nothing much," Hypatia said trying to find her clothes. "You had your fun last night and now I guess I better go."

"Why don't you come on back to bed instead of standing there looking so devastating and acting so bitchy?"

"Oh so now I'm a bitch, am I? Why you . . . you male whore . . . you tomcat . . . you . . ." She searched frantically for her dress and leaned too close to the bed in doing so. His hands reached out and he pulled her down beside him. She struggled but . . . no avail and she stopped completely when the thought came to her: *He's sober now. He's sober now.*

Later Hypatia climbed out of bed and padded around the living room until she found the phone stuffed in the wastepaper basket. Slowly she dialed the number of the hotel in which Randy's father was staying.

"Hello. Is that you, Robert? Have you seen Randy. She won't tell you what happened. Oh yes, I think I can say that she and the artist are definitely through. No, I don't think I'll tell you how I did it. No, I don't think I'll be going on to Cannes with you. I know you promised me but . . ." she glanced at the other room with a smile on her face. "I think I'll just spend my vacation right here."

In the mystic rite of an Indian fakir she found the answer to her frustration

# ROPE TRICK

**M.**R. AND MRS. GEORGE DARRELL were taking a honeymoon trip around the world. A second honeymoon, starting on the day of their twentieth anniversary. George had been in his thirties and Alice in her twenties on the occasion of their first honeymoon.

Now in her dangerous forties (this phrase can be applied to a woman as well as to a man), Alice Darrell was very, very disappointed with what had been happening—or, more specifically, had *not* been happening—during the first three weeks of their second honeymoon. To be completely honest, nothing, absolutely nothing had happened.

Until they reached Calcutta.

They checked into a hotel there early one afternoon and, after freshening up a bit, decided to wander about and see as much of the town as could be seen in the one day and night they planned to spend there.

They came to the bazaar.

And they watched a Hindu fakir performing the Indian rope trick. Not the spectacular and complicated version in which a boy climbs the rope and—well, you know the story of how the full scale Indian rope trick is performed.

This was a quite simplified version. The fakir, with a short length of rope coiled on the ground in front of him, played over and over a few simple notes on a flageolet—and gradually, as he played, the rope began to rise into the air and stand rigid.

This gave Alice Darrell a wonderful idea—although she did not mention it to George. She returned with

him to their room at the hotel and, after dinner, waited until he went to sleep—as always, at 9 o'clock.

Then she quietly left the room and the hotel. She found a taxi driver and an interpreter and, with both of them, went back to the bazaar and found the fakir.

Through the interpreter, she managed to buy from the fakir the flageolet which she had heard him play and paid him to teach her to play the few simple repetitive notes which had made the rope rise.

Then she returned to the hotel and to their room. Her husband George was sleeping soundly—as he always did.

Standing beside the bed, Alice very softly began to play the simple tune on the flageolet.

Over and over.

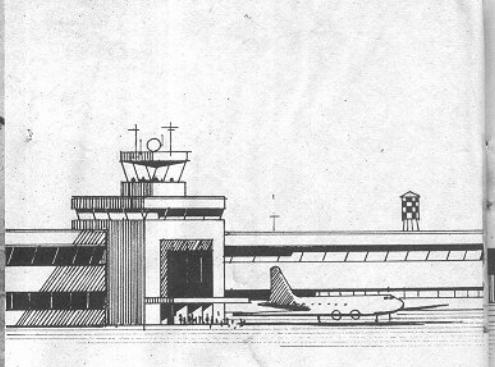
And as she played it, the sheet began to rise—gradually—over her sleeping husband.

When it had risen to a sufficient height, she put down the flageolet and, with a joyful cry, threw back the sheet.

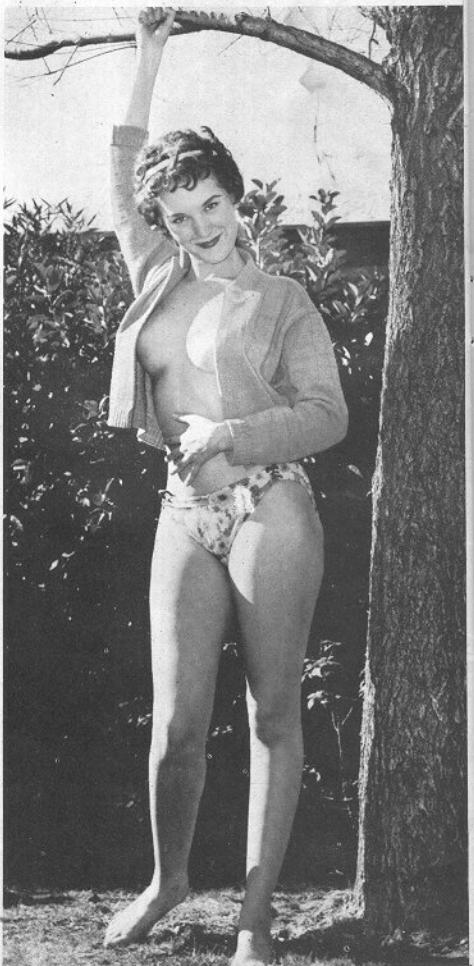
And there, standing straight in the air, was the drawstring of his pajamas!

by FREDRIC BROWN

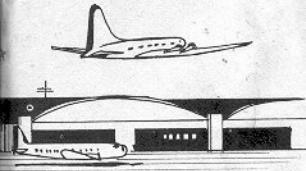




Pert, windblown or inviting, Dixie answers the dreams of pilots and passengers alike.



# COVER GIRL UNCOVERED



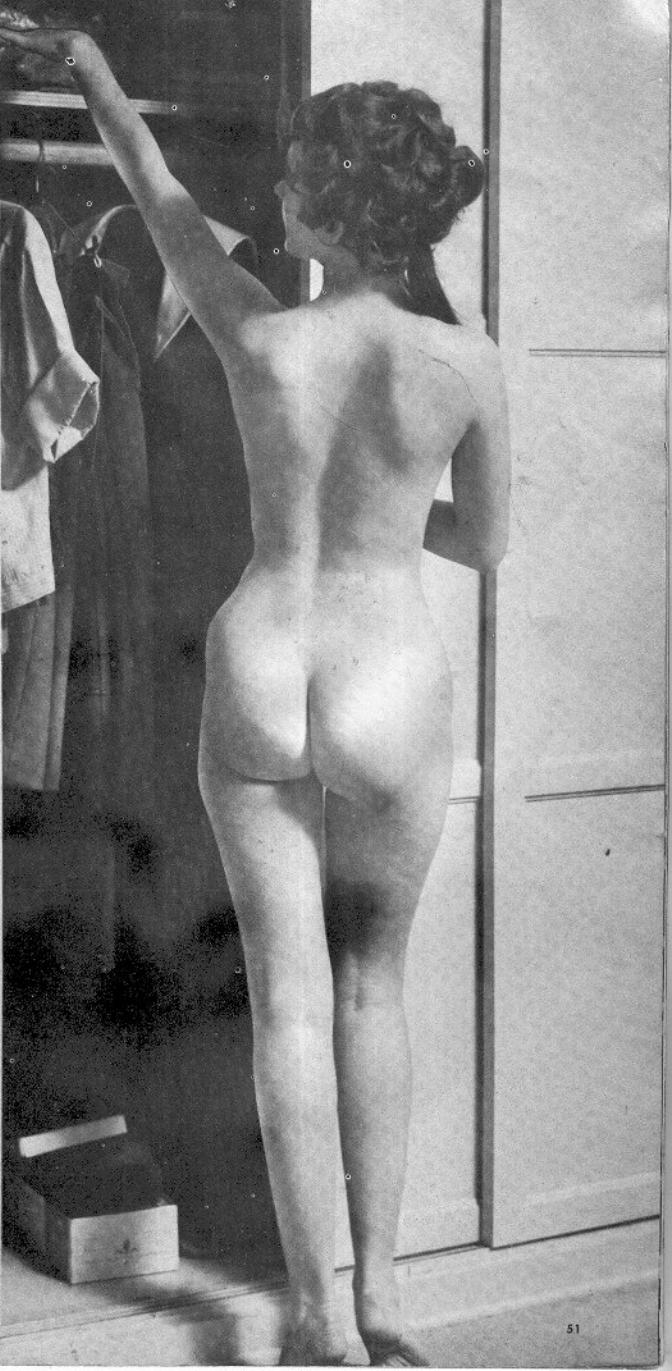
**ADAM** photographer  
finds extraordinary  
beauty right in  
our own back yard

LUCKY FOR ALL that intrepid photog Ron Vogel likes to travel and luckier still that he never forgets his camera. For that's how ADAM got pert and lovely Dixie Hardakre to grace these pages. Ron was taking an out-of-town flight and it just so happened that Dixie was the stewardess not only going but, luck of luckies, coming back, too.

Need we say more?

When Ron approached her to see if she'd done any modeling, she told him, "Some, when I was little", and the ball began to roll.

One morning at International Airport and an afternoon at his Hollywood studio brought Ron and these shots of likeable, lovely Dixie to our door, and who is old ADAM to slam the door on anything like an enterprising young airline hostess, especially one named Dixie (gads, suh) and especially one who looks like Miss Hardakre?

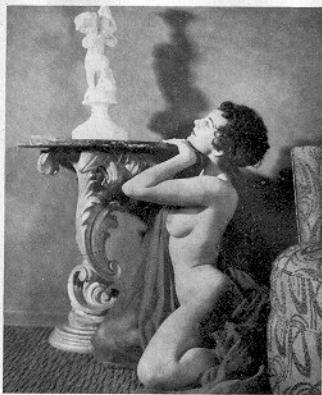












Dixie, who hits the tape for a loop-the-loop at 35-21½-34 and caresses the scales at 103 pounds, is 5'3" tall and grew up on a farm near Chatsworth, California, but says that working for an airline is, "the answer to a life-long dream. After all, being a farmer's daughter has its points (as has Dixie—Ed.) but its not all it's cracked up to be. Me, I'd rather fly for my kicks."

Asked about modeling, Dixie smiled. "It's fun," she replied. "Maybe I ought to change my career."

Maybe Dixie should. At any rate, Old ADAM will go along with her on it any old time!





# RATTLESNAKE

by J. SIMMONS SCHEB



# RATTLESNAKE

by J. SIMMONS SCHEB

**It was a terrible thing he  
planned to do,  
but it seemed to be the  
most perfect of crimes**

WALTER ERIKSEN first saw it as it slithered its way across the path that led to Lisa's house. His dark eyes narrowed, the muscles in his broad, tanned shoulders tensed as he raised the hoe high above his head. He had no particular use for a five-foot rattle on his property.

Walter went up on his toes and started the downward swing. Then, in mid-air, he stopped. It had suddenly occurred to him that he did have a use — a very particular use — for a five-foot rattle on his property!

Quickly, yet carefully, Walter lowered the hoe, scraped it along the ground. The rattle turned, saw it, coiled. Its tail shook; its rattle was loud and unmistakable. Its fangs bared. Walter held his breath. Moving slowly, he pushed the hoe back and forth with his left foot and reached with his right hand for the rake. The beady black eyes watched, the tongue lashed, the rattles rattled. Then, in rapid succession, Walter kicked the hoe, the snake struck, and the rake came down neatly on the reptile's neck, a prong on

either side. It was pinioned to the ground.

Walter pushed his black hair off his forehead, let his breath out slowly through his nostrils and rubbed his sweaty hands on his dirty khaki shorts.

"You're it," he said between clenched teeth. "You're exactly what the erring husband ordered."

Then suddenly, Walter's eyes widened, his jaw stiffened. The mate! Walter looked around, listened through the thrashing of his captive for another similar sound. Then he threw back his head and laughed. "An old wives' tale!" he said aloud. It was nothing but an old wives' tale that in the Spring of the year the mate always follows within 24 hours!

Crouching, Walter grasped his prisoner behind the head. Cold sweat broke out on his upper lip. "Okay, Buster," he said as he released the rake. "It's now or never."

Surprisingly, the snake was not slimy, but its bared fangs, inches from his hand, were a sickening symbol of death. Walter's knees felt weak.

At last, holding the creature at arm's length, he managed to make his way into the house, through the littered living room and into the tiny bedroom. He opened the closet door, took one long, aching breath and thrust the snake away from him. It fell on the floor amid a multitude of Nancy's shoes. His heart stopped until the door was safely slammed. Then he stood leaning against it, breathing hard, acutely aware of the dryness in his throat.

He was on the patio, nursing a can of beer, when Nancy pulled into the driveway. He felt the cold sweat start under his arms as he watched her hurry toward him. She wore a light green dress with a full skirt, and a pair of white high heels which made it hard for her to walk.

"Hi, darling," she said. She dumped her packages into a canvas chair and started to untie one. "Wait'll you see what I bought."

Walter set his beer can down and rubbed his hand across his bare, hairy

—turn the page

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—turn the page



## RATTLESNAKE, from page 55

chest. "Not just now, Nan," he said. He was surprised to find he could not meet her eyes. "I had to quit on the yard work because I need some clippers. I want to get to town before the stores close."

Nancy stuck out her lower lip. "Now, see, if we'd had a phone I could have called you . . ."

"Except that you wouldn't have thought of it," Walter said bitterly. "Besides," he added, "a writer needs some solitude."

"Writer!" Nancy snapped. "If you're going to retain your status as a writer, you'd better be getting on the busy end of a typing machine!"

"I'm working out a plot now!" Walter lashed back. A plot I can never use, he thought, and suddenly he wanted to grin. He turned to go.

"Walter!"

He stopped.

She ran to him and threw her arms around his neck. "I'm sorry, darling," she said. "I didn't mean to snap at you. You know how much I love you! Walter, please! Forgive Me!"

Walter squirmed. He felt like a frustrated rattlepinioned to the ground. He removed her arms from his neck and climbed into the car.

LISA'S HOUSE, only a half mile through the woods, was a mile away by

road. Walter parked the car out of Nancy's sight and hurried through the screen door, calling Lisa's name.

She answered from out by the pool. He found her stretched decoratively on a chaise lounge, with a magazine in her hand, a tall, cool-looking drink at her elbow. She had not been swimming. She was wearing a long, blue negligee, and her dark hair was neatly brushed. A large orange cat jumped down from her lap and ran when he entered.

"I thought you'd come while she was in town," Lisa said.

"I started." Walter sat on the edge of the chaise and took both her hands in his. He tried to kiss her, but she turned her face away.

"I can't stand much more of this waiting, Walt," she said. "I told you yesterday . . ."

"And I'm telling you now, darling," Walter said, "the waiting's over."

Lisa turned. "She's agreed to a divorce?"

"You know she'd never do that!"

"Then you've thought of a way?"

Walter told her.

"She's probably at the closet door right now," he finished. "The snake will strike the second he sees movement."

Lisa's narrow eyes got round. The blood drained from her face. "Walt!" she said hoarsely. "How — how could you?"

"I had to! It was too good to pass up. You know I've been trying to think of a way for weeks."

"But . . ." Lisa shuddered. "When it comes right down to it . . ."

"What do you want me to do? You said yourself you wouldn't go on this way!"

"Did you ask her for a divorce?"

"She wouldn't give me one, I tell you! She loves me! She doesn't even suspect about us. As a matter of fact, she admires you. And then there's her religion . . ."

"Then divorce her, Walt. Don't kill her!"

Walter got up and paced the floor impatiently. "Me divorce her? On what grounds?"

Lisa hesitated. "But, Walt," she said. "A . . . a snake!"

"It's perfect! It will simply have been an unfortunate incident. Nobody will know how a snake got into our house. We're the only people within miles of here this Summer."

Lisa looked ill. "She'll see it, Walt," she said.

"She won't see it!" he snapped. "She's too scatter-brained. Or should I say rattle-brained?"

"Don't!" Lisa shouted. "It's not a joke!"

He paused in his pacing, lighted two cigarettes and gave her one. "She'll be too intent on getting into her shorts and sandals. You know Nan."

There was silence for a long minute. "Walter," Lisa said. "She'll come to me!"

Walter threw back his head and laughed. "She couldn't do anything dumber," he said, "or more deadly. Movement stirs up the circulation, and the poison spreads more quickly. If she runs, or even walks, over here, she'll be dead within an hour or two."

"But it is possible? She could get here?"

"Possible, darling," Walter said, more tenderly, "but not probable. You know Nan."

"But if she does . . ."

"Then act dumb. Be asleep. Pretend you don't understand. Laugh in her face, if you want. After she's dead, nobody else will know!"

Lisa's cigarette was almost burning her fingers, but she made no move to put it out. "I don't know if I can do it, Walter," she said.

Walter stared at her. The laughter faded from his eyes. "You don't know if you can do it!" he said angrily. He grasped her shoulders and shook her, hard. "Lisa! Listen to me! I picked up a five-foot diamond-backed rattlesnake. I carried it into my house and let it go not two feet from me. I met Nan, knowing I would probably never see her alive again. I did all that for you!"



"Show me again how you put the money in."

"I can't help it, Walter! I can't do it!"

"Damn it! You will do it!" Walter said. Angry he reached across her for the glass that had held her drink. He strode out of the house and smashed the motor, sawing back and forth over the broken pieces.

Back inside, he went straight to the telephone in the kitchen and slammed it to the floor. Lisa met him in the hall.

"You fool!" she screamed. "Both the car and the telephone!"

"You don't know what happened to the car," he shouted back. "You could have picked up glass any place. The pieces are in the trash. The cat knocked the telephone off, and you planned to come to us to ask us to run you to town."

"Oh, God, Walter," Lisa sobbed, burying her face in her hands. "What have we done?"

He took her in his arms and held her close to him. "We're doing what has to be done, if we want any happiness of our own, darling," he said. "It's too late to back out now. We're in it for better or for worse!"

He carried her in to the couch, and she lay sobbing for several minutes. "What's it like, Walt?" she asked at last. "How will she act?"

Walter thought of the gruesome accounts he had read. Nausea, vomiting, excruciating localized pain that gradually spreads to every muscle and fibre of the body. A horrible, writhing, then paralyzing death, one account had said, unless the venom is extracted and medical help obtained.

"You won't have to watch it," he said, running his fingers through her hair. "If she should get here, you can clear out. Start walking for help. Come to me, if you want."

He took her chin in his hand. "Don't be afraid," he said gently. "It will all be over soon." He held her head against his bare chest until she stopped trembling.

LESS THAN AN HOUR later, Walter Eriksson stood looking down at his wife. She lay across the path, just beyond the place he had caught the snake. Her green dress lifted and dropped, lifted and dropped gently with the breeze. She was unconscious.

Mr. Barnes at the hardware store had sold Walter a pair of clippers and a piece of rubber tubing. With the latter, Walter had drained most of the gas out of his car on a back road east of town. On the way home, the car had stopped, and Walter had walked the final half-mile. That was in case Nancy was still around and capable, by some wild means of super-strength, of driving.

Now, he smiled at his over-precaution. Her ankle was already swollen to twice its normal size and turning a nasty shade of blue. Walter, no longer afraid, breathed deeply and sat on the ground to wait.

Nancy opened her eyes. "Oh, Walt," she said. "Where have you been?"

Walter didn't answer.

"I was going to Lisa's house," she said. "I must have fainted a dozen times."

Walter folded his arms around his knees. "Lisa wouldn't have helped you," he said cruelly. "Lisa and I have been in love for months. Today, the perfect solution just crawled across my path."

Walter watched her as slow understanding crept through to her brain. Her eyes were wide with fear, her mouth opened to release a scream. She was shouting words, but he was not listening.

Then the sudden, excruciating pain brought her words into focus: "Snake! Snake! Beside you, Walt! Snake!"

He looked down. It was clinging to the roll of flesh at his ribs, injecting its deadly venom into his bare skin. He jumped to his feet, screamed, grasped it behind its ugly head and smashed it to the ground. It slithered away.

"The mate!" Walter shouted. "The mate! Goddam it! There was a mate!"

"Mate?" Nancy screamed.

"Mate or not, it's a goddam rattlesnake!" Walter shouted.

Nancy still sat trembling on the ground, as white as the shoes that lay beside her. "Mate, Walt? What are you talking about?"

"The mate to the one I put in your closet," he shouted. "Do you have to be so damn stupid all your life?"

Nancy stared at him. "I didn't go to the closet, Walt," she said. "I had a drink. And then — I wanted somebody to see my new things. And Lisa's always so dressed up. I stayed in my town clothes. The high heels threw me. I must have broken my ankle . . ."

Walter was not listening. He was trying desperately to get his mouth down to the two ugly marks in his side. "Suck it, Nan," he shouted. "For God's sake, suck it!"

"Suck it?" Nancy struggled to her feet. Her face was drawn, her lips were blue.

"Yes, dammit, suck it," Walter shouted. "You just might possibly save my life!" But even as he said it, he knew that First Aid could be only temporary.

"Suck it! Suck it!" he shouted anyway. "Find help some place!" And then he saw that there was no need to shout any more. Nancy could not prolong his life, even temporarily. Nancy had fainted.



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believe it  
or not



SEE PAGE 59

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SIZZLING,  
from page 11

Another similar controversy arose recently when John Keenan, public safety director for the city of Newark, N. J., banned the showing of the motion picture "Latuko" because he considered the scenes which showed naked women "lewd." In court, Keenan told Superior Court Judge Walter Freund, "I'm sure you will agree that nakedness is lewd."

Judge Freund replied: "In my opinion, only a narrow or depraved mind could find any depravity in the film." And he dismissed the case.

Practically all of the local censorship hassles have involved foreign films because they do not come under Hollywood's self-regulating censor, the Mo-

tion Picture Production Code. Because obscenity per se is such a disruptable term, in most instances when the police have acted, the offending film has contained nudity or partial nudity. American films are seldom bothered by censorship because the Hollywood code prohibits any form of nudity on the screen.

In Europe, especially the Scandinavian countries, France and Italy, nudity in itself is not regarded as being obscene and no one gets worked up over it. This is the reason that some foreign films contain such sequences. However, by the time they play U. S. theaters they have been closely examined and pruned by the U. S. Customs office.

As one film critic said: "No one, least of all self-respecting theater operators, wants outright smut, blatant sex or pornography on their screens. The bulk of their regular patrons wouldn't stand for it. This makes the whole matter of local censorship quite ridiculous."

Recently, in approving a French import called "Game of Love," the U. S. Supreme Court made an important decision which could knock out all prior censorship. "Game of Love" is a sexually frank film in which a 16-year-old youth learns about love from an older woman and teaches it in turn to a 15-year-old girl. The manner and taste in which the story was depicted were such that it was not considered obscene.

Numerous Hollywood and New York independent film producers have reaped extra profits for years by inserting special sex and nudity scenes in their movies for distribution abroad. Such scenes, however, are carefully cut out of the versions shown in this country. For example, Jody Fair appears stripped to the waist in the foreign version of "High School Confidential" and Bobbi Byrnes does the same in "Night of the Quarter Moon" and "The Beat Generation."

Two versions were shot of a rape scene in the Paramount release "Last Train From Gun Hill." In the domestic shot, Earl Holliman rips the shirt off actress Ziva Rodann but she isn't seen. The foreign version shows her shirtless. Likewise, the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster film "Cry Tough" photographed two versions of a love scene between Linda Cristal and John Saxon. In one she is nude from the waist up. In the other she is covered.

"We can't compete with the French and Italian films unless we give them more realism overseas," says producer Al Zugsmith. "I hope some day we will be able to do the same in domestic versions, but right now we are shackled here by many rules that are archaic."

Many foreign film producers also make two versions of a film. For instance, when Martine Carol made the film "Action of the Tiger" in France, she appeared simultaneously in two versions. The difference between the two versions lies in how much of Martine each audience will see. The European version features a never-ending display of decolletage. In the American version, it ends abruptly at a discreet depth. She swims in the nude in the version shot for the Continent, but in the American version she wears a bathing suit.

Among Hollywood's major film studios, policies vary concerning films shown in America. Although there are few restrictions on sex now as compared with a few years back, it is always handled with kid gloves. Out-and-out nudity is flatly taboo. Some studios include an occasional bathtub or river scene, in which the feminine star appears to be naked, but very little epidermis is actually seen. Most Hollywood film leaders are exceedingly hesitant to do otherwise.



"I still don't like the idea of my wife taking that kind of job . . . still, twenty bucks an hour IS pretty good pay!"

As one top film leader says: "We feel that modesty is the best policy in the long run. Brigitte Bardot will have a vogue for a while and then will disappear. She's just one little French girl. But if we started exposing our Marilyn Monroes and Jayne Mansfields, we'd end up paying for it. We've had success in getting rid of censorship boards in all but four States now, and only one—New York—is effective. The States would be glad to start their boards up again, because they get revenue from us for reviewing pictures. The Bardot pictures have already given them some ammunition. We don't want to give them more."

Other Hollywood leaders feel somewhat differently however. Charles Schnee, the noted producer, sees nothing wrong with nudity if it is presented in good taste and is an integral part of the story. He feels that if we are to countenance censorship in any direction, overemphasis on violence should be the principal target for U. S. film censorship.

"It has been my personal contention for a long time," Schnee says, "that if any harm is done by motion picture content to impressionable youth or more adult milk-brains, then that harm results from emulation of 'tough guy' tactics incorporated into screen fare. I have never been able to understand how the mere sight of the naked human body can be considered 'immoral' while the sight of a human being engaged in brutal action for the sole sake of shock-appeal is judged 'moral.'

"This concept of the 'sin' of nudity is a puritanical and hypocritical one, at best, and a position which I am directly opposing in 'The Image Makers,' an independent picture which I will soon produce for Columbia release. The novel contained a widely discussed nude scene, which I am determined to include in the film version—inasmuch as the incident is in perfectly good taste and forms an integral link in the story line."

It's very possible Schnee may be able to get away with showing this nude scene to the American public, judging from the success producer Louis Stoumen had in getting the Johnston office to approve his recent documentary film "The Naked Eye." In this picture, for the first time in a Hollywood film, female nudes were shown on the screen. And for the first time for any country's movies, Hollywood's own censor, the Johnston office, awarded its seal of approval to the picture, nudes and all. It should be pointed out, however, that "The Naked Eye" nudes don't move and are still photographs made by famed lensman Edward Weston of models lying on sand dunes.

"We thought the censors at the Johnston office would be as fussy as old ladies," Stoumen says, "but they were human beings. They thought it was an artistic, wholesome picture. At first they said we couldn't have a seal because the production code says no nudity. Then the head censor gave us the seal. He simply suggested we take out one of our own shots of Weston's nude model moving around his house."

The whole controversy over censorship of foreign films and how far Hollywood film makers should be allowed to go with nudity and realism, has caused much confusion in the film industry. The result has been that European film makers have tried to "adapt" to American demands while Hollywood film moguls have done their utmost to copy European films. How it will all turn out has been predicted by Joseph Green, an independent importer and distributor.

Green says: "The trend toward the commercialization of foreign films must lead eventually to a state where the so-called art houses will be playing only American pictures, thus bringing about a shortage of theaters for the showing of the foreign pictures. The trend will also result in a deterioration of the quality of foreign films. The foreign producer no longer thinks of his own market and the type of film he has to produce for home consumption. His main concern now is how to absorb the biggest possible market in the United States.

"The consequence of this type of thinking is that it will remove the difference between American pictures and foreign pictures and all products will seem the same. All Europe will be trying to make Brigitte Bardot pictures. This policy will drive away the specialized audiences that helped to develop the popularity of foreign films in this country. And if the European producers continue to make films with their eyes on the American market they'll soon discover that they're losing their own audiences.

"The influence of U. S. majors will lead to the U. S. companies injecting American standards into foreign pictures—including the restrictions of the Production Code. And eventually the American companies will be sending over their own stars, directors and stories and will make their own 'Foreign' films!"

Green presents a very convincing and logical theory concerning the eventual state of both domestic and foreign films. But whatever the outcome, you can rest assured that there will always be plenty of sizzling sex scenes in movies. As Sam Goldwyn once said: "Sex is the oldest-selling commodity in movies."

## Now I have a head of hair



And if you are bald or losing hair I'll bet you don't like the idea of wearing a wig. It's not natural. You CAN do something. It has been proved that even though you are bald, hair roots may still be active. There is a special condition to produce new hairs. Thousands have accomplished this—at home—with the amazing Brandenfels hair tonic. Available in Mass., N.Y., N.J., N.C., N.O. Nationally advertised. 13 years. Write for full, FREE information.

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## He had many things to offer the young farmer—but mostly his wife

AFTER THE BALES of alfalfa had been spread in the manger and straw shook down beneath each cow, young Leon and the hired man walked back to the house. Darkness had crept in and the mud under their overshoes cracked and felt like stiff caramel. Leon sniffed the air, caught the cold dampness and the steady breeze from the south. The ice on the lakes was gray and dangerous, and if this weather held out it would crack soon and begin to pile up along the shores. "Spring'll be here soon," he said to the hired man.

"Yup."

"Better get my spear sharpened up."

"You spear fish in the Spring?" the hired man asked. He was a Finn, very lean and wiry.

"Yeah."

"We'll have to go together some-

time. I could show you a few tricks."

"That'd be good," Leon said.

They entered the kitchen, making considerable noise. It was Saturday night and Leon's folks were in town. Mavis, the hired man's wife, came into the kitchen. She was dark-haired, slightly plump, and when she walked, her behind moved stubbornly.

The hired man watched her move across the kitchen to the cupboard, then he winked at Leon. "You better stop wearin' those slacks, Mavis," he said.

Mavis said nothing, but the hired man laughed uproariously. She brought two cups out and laid them on the table. "You want some coffee or don't you?" she said.

"Sure do, hon." He turned to Leon, "You wanna come to town tonight?"

"Leon's not old enough to drink,"

Mavis said.

"I know," the hired man said, "but he can come anyway. You wanna come, Leon?"

"Ahhh, no," Leon said truthfully. "I told Bill Larson I'd come over to his place tonight; help him make a spear. He's making one from an old pitchfork."

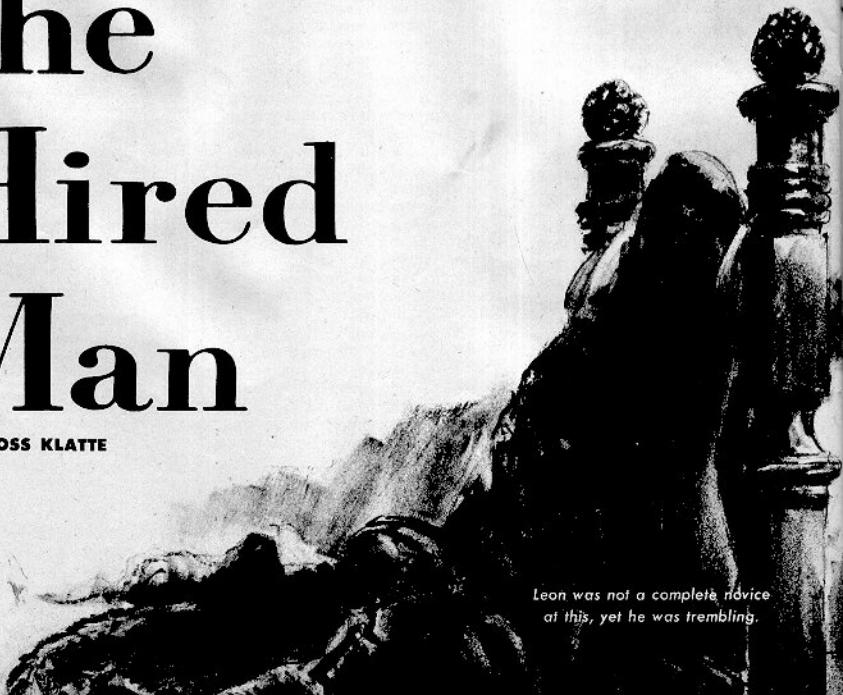
"Don't wanna go, huh? Well, if I'm gonna get back before midnight I'd better get started."

"Yeah, well I'd better get started too," Leon said quickly. He got into his jacket and reached for his hat and was outside before the hired man had left the house. He walked slowly across the lawn and onto the road. He stopped in the shrouding darkness beyond the yard light and watched the hired man leave the house and get into his '46 Dodge. The car started and

—turn the page

# the Hired Man

by M. ROSS KLATTE



Leon was not a complete novice at this, yet he was trembling.



## HIRED MAN, from page 60

Leon could hear the motor being gunned. Then the car swung out of the yard and moved swiftly down the road. Leon watched the moving lights till they disappeared around the first bend toward town. He was breathing heavily.

Now he waited in the darkness what he considered a decent amount of time. He gazed at the lights of the house and his breathing became painful. Then he tore himself from the road and walked steadily to the house, and when he opened the kitchen door Mavis was there, sitting at the table and drinking a cup of coffee. She looked at him blandly, and Leon felt his belly contract.

"Sit down and have a cup of coffee," she said.

"I don't want coffee."

She smiled. "Well, let me finish mine, will you?"

"Hurry-up."

The hired girl sipped her coffee. Leon watched the steam rising to her hairline as she held the cup before her. She did not look at him.

"Please," Leon said politely.

She looked at him now, but did not smile. Then she drained the cup, rose and walked through the living room to the stairs. Leon followed her. She climbed the stairs easily, and Leon watched her every move. She went to his room, where he had the big double bed. Across the hall was the hired couple's room, and Leon lay awake nights sometimes, listening to their sounds.

They left the door open, so no one could enter the house unheard. Leon moved to shut off the lights, and on the way he caught a look at himself in the dresser mirror. He was not a complete novice at this, yet he was trembling. Mavis lay on the bed.

THE REFRIGERATOR motor started in the kitchen below. "I'd better go," said Mavis suddenly.

"Not yet. Please don't go yet."

"No, I better go." She raised herself on one elbow.

"Please . . . not yet, Leon said.

"We won't have time."

"Yes we will."

"No —"

"Yes we will."

The kitchen door opened below and the hired man entered noisily. He walked around the kitchen, then yelled out, "Hey Mavis! Where are yuh?"

Mavis stiffened beneath him. "Good God! he's back," she whispered.

Leon said nothing.

"He'll be coming up here in a minute. Stop. Stop!"

"I can't!"

"Mavis!" the hired man called from downstairs.

"He'll be coming up here. He'll call up here and find us!" Her whisper was very loud.

"I don't care!" Leon said urgently. "I don't care!"

"Hey Mavis! You ain't in bed this early, are yuh?" the hired man was yelling.

"We gotta stop. I gotta go. He's coming up here!" she whispered in terror.

Leon suddenly relaxed and Mavis squirmed away from him. She snatched up her clothes and tip-toed across the hall to the other room. Leon fell back quivering, and faintly he heard a creaking on the stairs. He shut his eyes, forcing himself to breath evenly. The hired man came down the hall and entered the room across the way. There was no sound and Leon knew Mavis was feigning sleep. His quivering would not cease.

"Hey Leon!" The hired man was in his room and whispering harshly. "Leon, you awake?"

Leon rolled over slowly. "Yeah," he said.

"Look what I got us." The hired man felt around till he found the light switch.

Leon grimaced in the painful brightness. "What?"

"Look. I got us a couple spears. The hardware was open and they just got in a bunch of these. Look."

Leon stared.

"Nice spears, huh? We'll get us some fish this spring, you can bet on that! Huh, Leon?"

"I guess we will," Leon said.

"Yessir, there'll be no excuse for not gettin' plenty fish now," the hired man went on. "I used to have a spear something like these when I was a kid. I bought it at a hardware store too, by God."

"They sure are nice," Leon acknowledged. "Sure was nice of you to buy 'em."

"Hell, that's all right," the hired man said. "I like to do things for kids."

"How about your wife?"

"What?"

"Does she go spearin'?"

"Naw, she's afraid she'll get wet."

Leon tried to smile.

"She wouldn't be any good at it anyway," the hired man said, chuckling. "Mavis is only good at one thing."

Leon managed a smile this time. "What's that?" he asked.

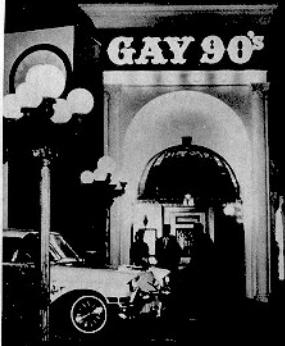
"You ain't that much of a kid," the hired man laughed.

"I ain't a kid at all," Leon told him.

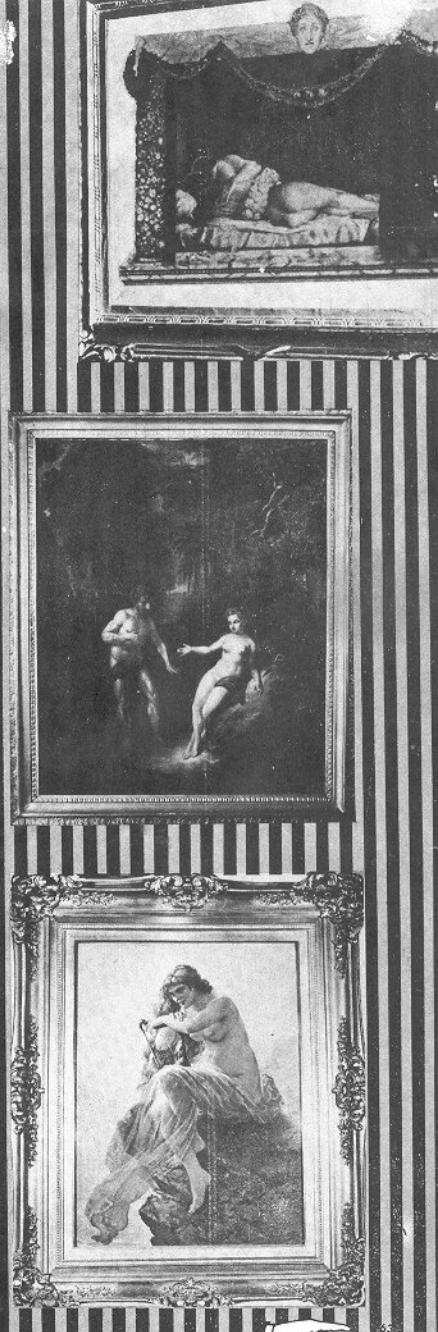
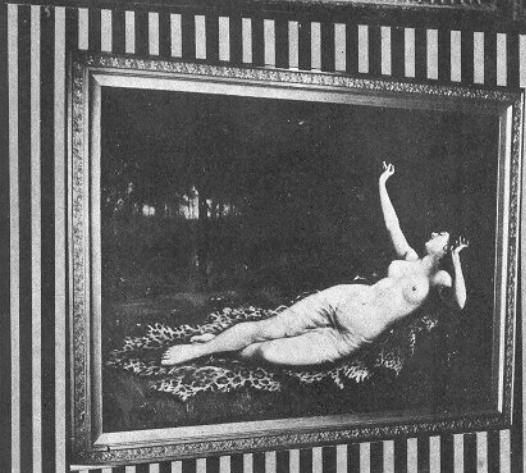
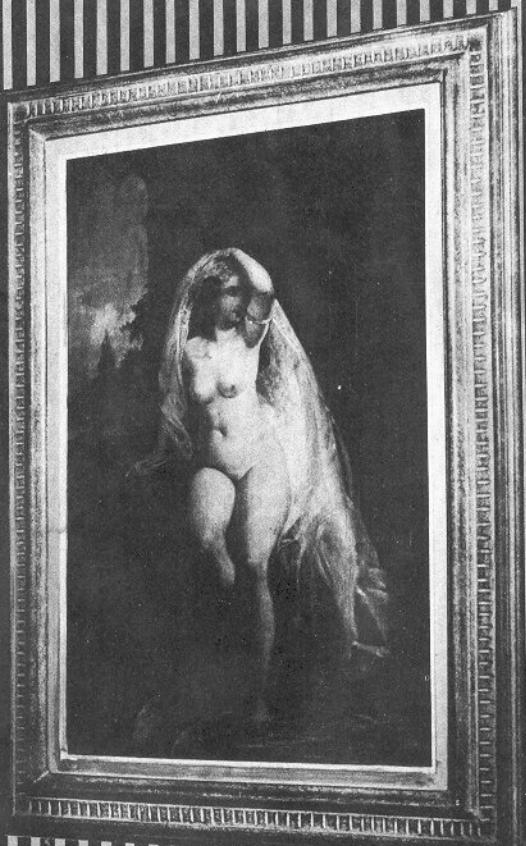
The hired man's mocking laughter echoed in the room after he crossed the hall.

On the bed, Leon locked his hands behind his head and smiled at the ceiling.

# The Saloon That Glorifies The Nude



Hollywood Spa takes a trip backward in time to delight today's drinkers with the gay glories of yesteryear!





Mgr. Chappas (rt. center) talks shop as patrons enjoy selves . . . OOPS!



FOR THOSE OF you who are constantly moping around wondering what ever happened to the good old days when sandwiches were a nickel at the corner saloon where you could drink your fill of man-size shots while feasting your eyes on the most luscious female pulchritude ever painted . . .

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Right now, saloons are opening their swinging doors all over the country offering a breath of old fashioned fresh air reminiscent of the days of Diamond Jim Brady and opulent Lillian Russell. But the saloon to end them all is the recently opened Gay 90's in Los Angeles.

Here is one place in a thousand conscientiously dedicated, not only to the nickel sandwich and the biggest shot in town, but liberally bringing back the nude.

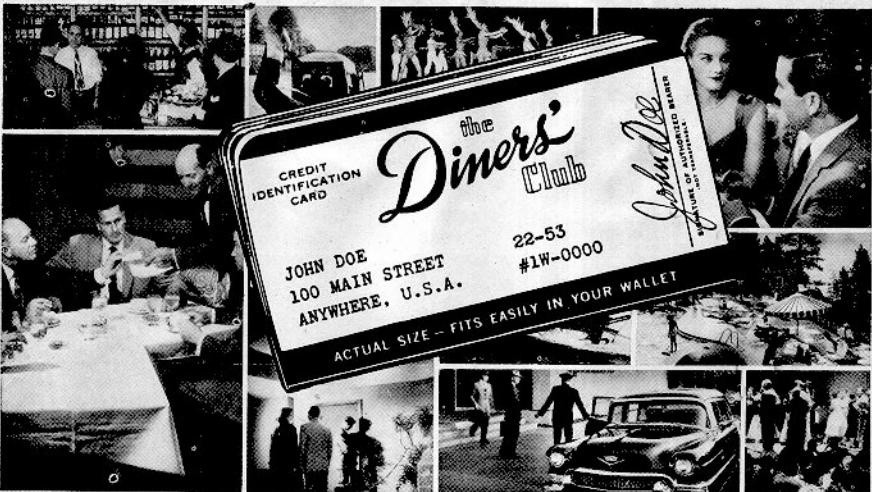
And, if you don't like nudes, may we suggest a safari to Antarctica. We hear the penguins are simply beautiful.

Even more beautiful, however, are the long-stemmed lovelies who tend to the needs of the table-sitters. They may not be exactly nude, but don't let granddad kid you — the 90's were never *this* gay!



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# Letters to Adam



## OH, BRA!

I was interested to read of June Wilkinson from England. She has a very fine figure, and her "chubbies" are lovely, but why does she have to distort them in that outrageously padded bra? I am a bra model and have a perfect figure — with or without the product I model.

Nancy Louis  
Santa Cruz, Cal.

 The bra in question was not padded. ADAM was present and can vouch for that. However, it was run up in a hurry for the occasion. Okay?

\* \* \*

## PRAISE FROM OSCAR

I want to congratulate ADAM for staying consistently good, issue after issue. A rare thing, indeed, in the man's magazine field. The short, half-page stories in ADAM are swell, and the Bonus Annual that's all new is unequalled anywhere.

Would you notify your readers that I'm in need of ADAM, Vol. 1, Nos. 1 & 3? I have never seen these two issues but have all the others.

Oscar E. McLin  
Burlington, Ia.

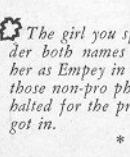
\* \* \*

## WHO SHE?

Who is the Ski Lodge Beauty, pages 7-9, ADAM Vol. 3, No. 1, whom you bill as Diane Webber? "Playboy" has her as Marguerite Empey, doing a "Miss November" on their 1959 calendar.

I like everything you print, especially those "photos to the editor" sent in by non-pros.

John Brooke  
Washington, D.C.

 The girl you speak of has posed under both names for years. ADAM ran her as Empey in Vol. 1, No. 3. As for those non-pro photos, sorry but they're halted for the present. Too many pros go in.

\* \* \*



## HOW ABOUT EVE?

My husband and I read your book and like it very much. We were both talking about it and wondered why you didn't put out a book called EVE. There are so many books put out of glamorous girls to thrill the fellas. Why doesn't someone put out a book of handsome men to thrill the gals?

Us gals are human, too. We see our husbands looking at pictures of glamorous gals. Why can't the situation be reversed? I think all the other gals will agree with me. You probably won't do it, but it's a nice idea anyway, isn't it, gals?

Owania Robb  
Belmont, Cal.

 Very well, Mrs. Robb, you asked for it. One, the title EVE is already registered elsewhere. Two, ADAM has already been all through the beef-versus cheesecake controversy and decided to let the Physical Culture mags carry that ball.

\* \* \*

## TALES, TAKE A BOW!

The stories in "Adam's Tales" are among the best I have ever read. These are stories which, when retold, never fail to get a good laugh, stories that always brighten up a party, because they can be told in a mixed group.

Vernon E. Huth  
San Francisco, Cal.

\* \* \*

## FIRST TIMER

This is the first time I have ever written a magazine letter of any kind, but I want to be at least the millionth person to tell you what a great magazine you have put on the stands for the last two and a quarter years. I am really sorry I missed the first 4 issues. But before I close, I would like to make one final plea — keep up the good work!

Gene Yates  
Chicago, Ill.

\* \* \*

## BACK TO JUNE

Your current (Vol. 3, No. 1) issue is excellent. Please have MORE of June Wilkinson in the future.

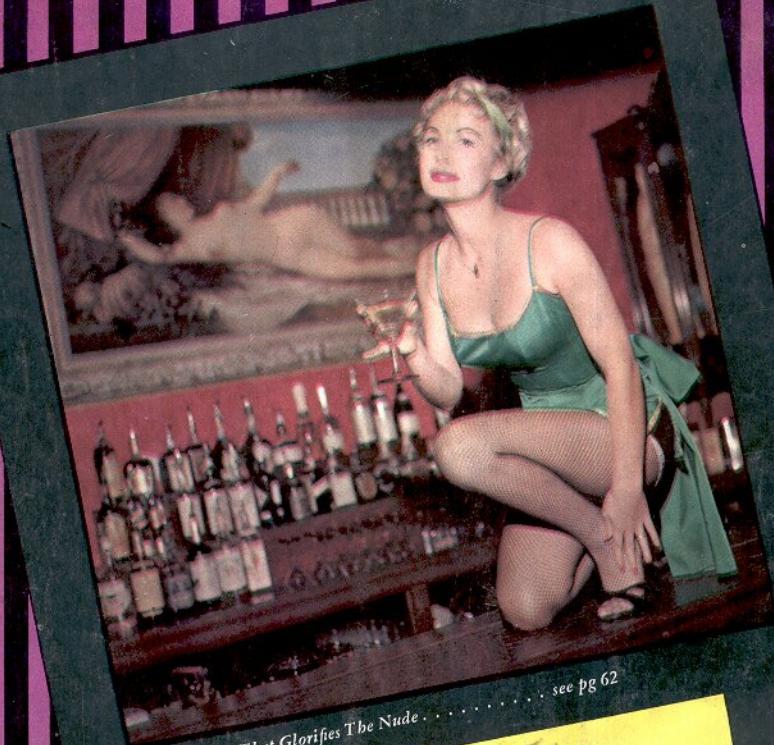
Leo M. Pilarski  
Chicago, Ill.

 Don't lose any more sleep, Leo — you'll be seeing MORE of June, and in the very near future.

\* \* \*

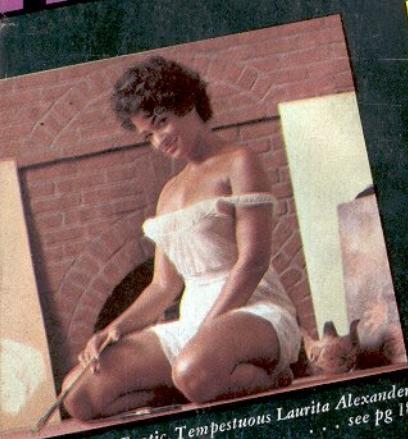


Fabulously-figured Susan Woods, a nude showstopper in Minsky's show at The Dunes in Las Vegas, goes to Hollywood next issue to try her luck.



• The Saloon That Glorifies The Nude . . . . .

see pg 62



• Exotic, Tempestuous Laurita Alexander . . . . . see pg 18

### ADAM In Words

- Paris Escapade Of The Virgin Aunt . . . . . see pg. 4
- The Prophet Who Reveled In Women . . . . . see pg 14
- Love And Death Of A Beatnik Queen . . . . . see pg 22
- The Corruption Of The Strong, Silent Man . . . . . see pg 26
- Death Trap On Terror Isle . . . . . see pg 36
- She Was The Most Ferocious Lover . . . . . see pg 42
- Murder Plot Of The Passion-Racked Killer . . . . . see pg 54
- Love Tryst Of The Farmer's Wife . . . . . see pg 60

### ADAM In Pictures

- The Most Sizzling Sex Scenes Ever Filmed . . . . . see pg 6
- ADAM's Cover Girl Uncovered . . . . . see pg 50
- Nude Beauties At Paris' White Ball . . . . . see pg 28

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